

The Improvement **ERA**

VOLUME 34

OCTOBER, 1931

NUMBER 12

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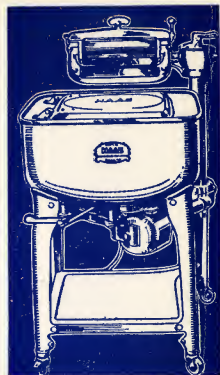


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The Improvement ERA

Vol. 34-42 No. 12

OCTOBER, 1931



FORECAST

THE third number of the series "Greatness in Men" by Bryant S. Hinckley will deal with the life of a man greatly beloved by all Latter-day Saints and, indeed, by all who know him—President Anthony W. Ivins. President Ivins' almost foregone years have been packed full of stirring events and this article will be interesting to young and old.

A BRILLIANT writer, Dr. F. F. Sedgwick Martyn, new to *Era* readers, will have a place in the November issue. His article, "Citizenship and the Law," is not only entertaining but will awaken an increased love of our country and its institutions.

ONE of the most colorful characters in the world today is Adolph Hitler, would-be dictator of Germany. A "Mormon" missionary met this man recently and gives an excellent close-up description of him for the *Era*.

COACH G. OTT ROMNEY, of the B. Y. U. at Provo, under the title "A Habit Worth Acquiring," gives suggestions which, if followed, will prolong life and add materially to the joy of living.

ARE you sure of yourself in company? The new series by Mrs. Adah R. Naylor, "The right thing at all times," will set you right if you are not familiar with the rules of etiquette and will refresh the memory of those who are reasonably well posted.

THE ladies particularly, but many men as well, will be delighted with the articles on "Beauty in the Home," by Mrs. Lottie Fryer, professor of home economics at the U. of U.

Melvin J. Ballard
Business Manager

Clarissa A. Beesley
Associate Business Manager

O. B. Peterson, Ass't. Business Manager

George Q. Morris
Rachel Grant Taylor
Chairmen *Era* and Publicity

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Department of Education

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Message from President Heber J. Grant

The Editor-in-Chief of The Improvement Era

(From an address given in the Executives' Session of June Conference, 1931.)

I WISH all the delegates had heard what Brother Ballard has said this morning. I endorse his words with all my heart.

To me it is a reproach, a real genuine reproach on every Latter-day Saint home that does not have the *Era*. I do not hesitate to say that. The Latter-day Saints in one particular fulfill their obligations to the Lord almost beyond what we could expect. I am sure that two thousand missionaries require between forty and fifty dollars each month to support them in the mission field. That means a little rising of a million dollars a year that we are expending for missionary work. Now I do not think that I am exaggerating the least particle when I say that the very finest missionary we have in the Church today is the *Improvement Era*, and I am sorry to say that in many homes men are called upon missions where the father and the mother make wonderful sacrifices but have never seen fit to have this magazine in their home. They will spend between forty and fifty dollars a month for two years or two and a half to support a young man in the mission field, and yet they have not stopped to reflect that with two dollars they might have been educating that boy for the labor he is to perform. It is holding up not nickels but pennies in front of our eyes, figuratively speaking, not to take the *Era* in our homes in order to save two dollars. I cannot comprehend it. I never have been able to understand the utter lack of appreciation of what the *Young Woman's Journal* and the *Era* used to be before they were put together, and what the magazine is today. I believe that every bishop in the Church and every president of a stake and every high counselor is under obligation as a missionary to

see that this missionary, the *Improvement Era*, gets into his home.

TALKING about interest in the Gospel and love of the Gospel and a desire to spread the Gospel at home and abroad and then failing to spend a couple of dollars to bring into our homes this wonderful missionary is something I cannot comprehend. I say it, and I do not say it just offhand, but I mean it, that I have never yet had one single solitary copy of the *Improvement Era* from the day that it was originally established, that I would sell the benefit that came to me for two dollars, or ten times two dollars, and there has been more than one year that I have

NOW there will be many who feel they cannot afford the *Era* in this time of depression. Naturally there must be some economy practiced, but surely we should not begin practicing economy on the necessities; let us practice economy on the luxuries. The *Era* is not a luxury; it is a necessity. The most valuable asset the Church has is its boys and girls. Since four times as many children were born to Latter-day Saint parents last year as our baptisms in the world, it is clear that our growth will depend upon holding those boys and girls. We cannot economize on their faith, on their integrity, on their virtue, on their standards. If people are to economize, and they should, they can just save a picture show once for the family, and they raise the price of the *Era*. It is easy to save the price of the *Era* through economizing on some of the luxuries. So I plead with you, my brethren and sisters, to give us that fine missionary spirit, that this voice for truth and for righteousness may be heard in every Latter-day Saint home, bringing the glad messages that shall inspire young men and young women, receiving directly from the head of the Church such counsel and advice as he sees fit to give, receiving for the benefit of the Priesthood quorums, other interests, Church schools, and music, that counsel and direction which is most helpful.—Elder Melvin J. Ballard, at June Conference.

made the remark that I would not exchange the information that I had gained in the single number, not volume, for one hundred dollars, and I have meant just what I said. Men spend years of their time studying, and they give us the benefit of what they have studied. Take two articles by the young Professor Ball, with regard to the evidences of the Book of Mormon, in the last two numbers of the *Era*. Why, to a Latter-day Saint who has an absolute, abiding testimony in his heart of the divine record of the Book of Mormon, they would not take anything for articles of that kind, which are written by men who have spent years of study and research, and we get it simply by reading.

I WANT to say just this much in conclusion, that I have never yet during the fifty years from the time that I was made the president of the Tooele stake preached anything to the Latter-day Saints in the Tooele stake, or to the public since I became one of the general authorities, that I would not do myself. I was the manager of the *Improvement Era* for years and years and never got a dollar, and I gave them over a hundred dollars a year for the first few years of its organization in order to send a magazine free to the missionaries, and one single year I signed over eight thousand letters—kept tab on it—trying to increase the subscriptions, and I have been absolutely disgusted with men who say, "Oh, I cannot afford two dollars." The same man would perhaps spend ten times two dollars for tea, coffee, tobacco, or liquor. May the Lord bless each and all of your efforts, and you have my love and blessing for your loyalty in what you are doing, and that you may be blessed abundantly of our heavenly Father is my humble prayer, and I ask it in the name of Jesus. Amen.

EDITORIAL

Hugh J. Cannon
Managing Editor



Heber J. Grant, Editor

Elsie Talmage Brandley
Associate Editor

The Parable of the Owl Express

A Recollection of Student Days

By

DR. JAMES E. TALMAGE
of the Council of the Twelve

*Editor's Note: Reproduced in slightly
revised form from the Era of July, 1914.*

DURING my college days, now nearing half a century ago, I was one of a class of students appointed to field-work as a part of our prescribed courses in geology—the science that deals with the earth in all of its varied aspects and phases, but more particularly with its component rocks, the structural features they present, the changes they have undergone and are undergoing—the science of worlds.

A certain assignment had kept us in the field many days. We had traversed, examined, and charted miles of lowlands and uplands, valleys and hills, mountain heights and canyon defiles. As the time allotted to the work drew near its close, we were overtaken by a violent wind-storm followed by a heavy snow—unseasonable and unexpected, but which, nevertheless, increased in intensity so that we were in danger of being snow-bound in the hills. The storm reached its height while we were descending a long and steep mountain-side, several miles from the little railway station at which we had hoped to take train that night for home. With great effort we reached the station late at night while the storm was yet raging. We were suffering from the intense cold incident to biting wind and driving snow; and to add to our discomfort we learned that the expected train had been stopped by snow-drifts a few miles from the little station at which we waited.

The station was but an isolated telegraph office: the house comprised but one small room, a mile away from the nearest village. The reason for the maintenance of a telegraph office at this point was found in the dangerous nature of the road in the vicinity and the convenient establishment of a water-tank to supply the engines. The train for which we so expectantly and hopefully waited was the Owl Express—a fast night train running between large cities. Its time schedule permitted stops at but few and these the most important stations; but, as we knew, it had to stop at this out-of-the-way post to replenish the water supply of the locomotive.

Long after midnight the train arrived, in a terrific whirl of wind and snow. I lingered behind my companions, as they hurriedly clambered aboard, for I was attracted by the engineer, who, during the brief

stop, while his assistant was attending to the water replenishment, bustled about the engine, oiling some parts, adjusting others, and generally overhauling the panting locomotive. I ventured to speak to him, busy though he was. I asked how he felt on such a night—wild, weird, and furious, when the powers of destruction seemed to be let loose, abroad and uncontrolled, when the storm was howling and when danger threatened from every side. I thought of the possibility—the probability even—of snow-drifts or slides on the track; of bridges and high trestles which may have been loosened by the storm; of rock-masses dislodged from the mountain-side—of these and other possible obstacles. I realized that in the event of accident through obstruction on or disruption of the track, the engineer and the fireman would be the ones most exposed to danger; a violent collision would most likely cost them their lives. All of these thoughts and others I expressed in hasty questioning of the bustling, impatient, engineer.

His answer was a lesson not yet forgotten. In effect he said, though in jerky and disjointed sentences: "Look at the engine headlight. Doesn't that light up the track for a hundred yards or more? Well, all I try to do is to cover that hundred yards of lighted track. That I can see, and for that distance I know the road-bed is open and safe. And," he added, with what, through the swirl and the dim lamp-lighted darkness of the roaring night, I saw was a humorous smile on his lips and a merry twinkle of his eye, "believe me, I have never been able to drive this old engine of mine—God bless her—fast enough to outstrip that hundred yards of lighted track. The light of the engine is always ahead of me!"

As he climbed to his place in the cab I hastened to board the first passenger coach; and, as I sank into the cushioned seat, in blissful enjoyment of the warmth and general comfort, offering strong contrast to the wildness of the night without, I thought deeply of the words of the grimy, oil-smirched engineer. They were full of faith—the faith that accomplishes great things, the faith that gives courage and determination, the faith that leads to works. What if the engineer had failed, had yielded to fright and fear, had refused

to go on because of the threatening dangers? Who knows what work might have been hindered, what great plans might have been nullified, what high commissions of mercy and relief might have been thwarted, had the engineer weakened and quailed?

For a little distance the storm-swept track was lighted up; for that short space the engineer drove on!

We may not know what lies ahead of us in the years not even in the days or hours immediately beyond. But for a few yards, or possibly only a few feet, the track is clear, our duty is plain, our course is illumined. For that short distance, for the next step, lighted by the inspiration of heaven, go on!

A Day of Commotion and Fear

A PROMINENT business man, member of the Church and one time bishop of a thriving ward, was discussing recently with a friend, likewise a Latter-day Saint, the existing chaotic business conditions. He asked this pertinent question, "Do you really think we are approaching the end?" Then he hastened to reassure himself: "Of course we have had conditions similar to these many times in the past, and I suppose this unusual situation has no special significance. Doubtless it will pass by as all the others have done."

His friend replied: "Perhaps so, but I am impressed with the literal fulfilment of one part of the graphic prediction found in section 88 of the Doctrine and Covenants, concerning the coming of Christ and the end of the present order of things. We are told that 'all things shall be in commotion; and surely men's hearts shall fail them; for fear shall come upon all people.'"

None will deny the existence of commotion and fear at the present time. Indeed that is the main cause of trouble. But certainly the profound agitation which is spreading over the earth and disturbing the serenity of nations, with the number of unemployed running into appalling figures, with the spectre of starvation standing in the shadow of bursting granaries, with unrest and threatened revolution on every hand, is a fulfilment of prophecy.

This same revelation, given nearly a century ago, continues: "And angels shall fly through the midst of heaven, crying with a loud voice, sounding the trump of God, saying: Prepare ye, prepare ye, O inhabitants of the earth; for the judgment of our God is come. Behold, and lo, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."

A Day of Warning

Verse 81 of this section reads: "Behold I send you out to testify and warn the people, and it becometh every man who hath been warned to warn his neighbor."

Ancient and modern prophets almost without number have referred to the "great and dreadful" day of the Lord. That occasion, however, will be "dreadful" only to the unrighteous. The prophecies impart confidence and hope to those who earnestly strive to heed the warning:

"He that seeketh me early shall find me, and shall not be forsaken. * * *

"Abide ye in the liberty wherewith ye are made free: entangle not yourselves in sin, but let your hands be clean, until the Lord comes." D. & C. 88:86.

Grow or Die

COMPARATIVELY few men are born great.

That perhaps is a blessing, for it encourages individual effort. The number of those who achieve greatness is not overwhelmingly large. That perhaps is a tragedy. It is invariably so where men having within them the potentialities of greatness remain mediocre. To be satisfied with doing things passably well instead of putting out an outstanding good job seems to be the habit of the average of mankind.

Someone has suggested that a part of the torment of the future life will consist in our seeing the glorified person we might have become through constant upward striving, by the side of the person we really are. Such a picture would burn like vitriol into the consciousness of one who through indolence saw himself a pigmy, dwarfed in intellect and body, when he had within him, even in embryo, the physical and mental elements of a giant.

When growth ceases dissolution automatically begins.

One of the men receiving frequent headline notice in the newspapers today is Walter S. Gifford, selected by President Hoover as national director of relief. Mr. Gifford, still a comparatively young man, is president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and is the head of one of the largest industrial armies in the world—running into the hundreds of thousands. He worked himself up from the ranks. The secret of his success, as he analyzes his own situation, lies in the fact that he never thought of a higher position, but confined his untiring efforts to the job in hand, determined to do it better than any man had ever done it before. So excellent was his work as a bookkeeper that he was made auditor. As auditor he became so familiar with every detail of the work and was able to present such illuminating statistics that an executive position was offered him. Thus step by step he climbed to the top, and at the age of forty-six he is looked upon as one of the ablest executives in the nation. His meteoric rise has not been unlike that of our chief executive, Herbert Hoover. Both were spurred on by an inward urge to make the most of their lives.

A prayer which might with profit be repeated each day is, "Lord, deliver me from the curse of mediocrity. Keep me growing."

Of course a large number of people are just naturally mediocre—many even below that standard. That may not be a fault; rather it is a misfortune. Occasionally fond parents try vainly to give a thousand-dollar education to a fifty-dollar mind. But it is real tragedy when any person, either of high or low degree, is satisfied with anything less than his very best.—H. J. C.

Greatness in Men President Heber J. Grant



By

BRYANT S. HINCKLEY

President of Liberty Stake

"Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves."

—Thompson.

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT meets the human standards of leadership, and measures up to the divine office which he holds and honors. Seventy-five years ago this November he was born in a comfortable home on Main Street, when Salt Lake City was in its infancy, and for sixty years he has been a distinguished figure in this community. Had he been born in any other free land he would have risen to eminence because he has the inherent qualities that win confidence and secure recognition. His achievements are not accidental; they are not due to anything magical. No fortunate combination of circumstances have made Heber J. Grant; he has paid in honest coin the price of his success. His career is built upon a sound foundation. He deserves all that he has.

On the occasion of his seventieth anniversary his immediate colleagues each wrote a sentiment descriptive of the President, and this is a composite of that collection:

"A man full of faith in God, full of love for his fellow men, sympathetic, generous and charitable, direct, frank and truthful, courageous, sagacious, and persevering, punctual, practical and energetic, a splendid organizer, and above all, a real man."

THIS is a tribute from men who know him best, who have lived and labored with him longest. A fair analysis of his character would confirm what is said



THE RED STOCKING BASEBALL TEAM

State Champions more than half a century ago.

Alexander Watson, Richard P. Morris, David C. Dunbar, Gronway Parry, Heber J. Grant, Oliver Bess, Joseph Barlow, Allie Barker, Wm. George.

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT was born in Salt Lake City, Nov. 22, 1856.

On June 10, 1875, when the first Y. M. M. I. A. was organized he was selected as one of the counselors.

He became president of the Tootle stake in October, 1880.

Was ordained an Apostle, October 16, 1892.

He led the first company of missionaries of this Church into Japan, leaving Salt Lake July 24, 1901.

From January, 1904 to December, 1906, he presided over the European mission, and in the discharge of his duties traveled extensively in the British Isles and also in most of the continental countries.

President Joseph F. Smith died on November 19, 1918, and on November 23rd, Heber J. Grant was chosen by the Council of the Twelve to become president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

here, accent some of the qualities mentioned, and add others. Such virtues as loyalty, industry, and friendship could well be added and the words, *generous, charitable, direct, frank, truthful, persevering, practical, and energetic* should be heavily underscored. All of these qualities are embedded in a deep spirituality which has given direction and effectiveness to the dynamic energy which is so characteristic of the man.

Denied many of the advantages of schooling himself, he has all his life been a most generous patron of education. His soul responds to the beautiful, he loves music, fosters art, gives of his bounty to the needy, is charitable

to the poor, generous to his friends, loving and affectionate to his family.

HIS father, Jedediah M. Grant, first mayor of Salt Lake City, and counselor in the First Presidency of the Church, himself an impassioned



Heber J. Grant
and
Augusta Winters
at the age of 16.



preacher of righteousness, died when the President was nine days old. His mother, Rachel Ivins Grant, left without visible means of support, met this hard situation with a resignation and courage which bespeaks a great soul. She was a woman of initiative and independence of character, possessing at the same time a poise, dignity, and sweetness of the rarest kind. Without complaint, she took up her burden, made an independent living for herself and her boy by such humble tasks as sewing and keeping boarders. Their surroundings were hard but wholesome. These hard surroundings seemed to give luster to the shining qualities of this boy's character. These were really great days for him. He had all that S. S. McClure said he hoped to bequeath to his children; "The advantages of poverty." He learned very early in life that if anything came to him it would be the result of his own effort. In that humble home his soul was touched with the expanding power of a radiant and conquering faith.

THERE filtered into his boyish heart the assurance that great things can be accomplished in the

world if one only believes and goes steadfastly forward. That is the foundation on which great men operate.

Some philosopher said: "The young man who receives a wind-fall spends the remainder of his days watching the wind." Watching the wind was not his occupation. At an early age he was "dreaming dreams and seeing visions" of what he would do in the future, of how he would compensate his mother for her sacrificial devotion to him, how he would restore the fortunes of his father's house. What infinite responsibilities were in those dim visions?

Before he had reached his teens his ambition was stirred, his spirit set on fire with a resolute determination to, not only provide

on the threshold of a financial career that promised to eclipse any of his associates old or young. That which the world holds as its greatest prize seemed within his easy grasp. There was a dash and confidence and brilliancy about his adventures that challenged the admiration of men of great financial power in the world. It is only fair to assume that if he had continued to devote his time and great talents to the accumulation of wealth, he would not only have amassed a fortune, but would have found a place among the financial magnates of the world. Greater things were in store for him.

At the age of twenty-four he was called to be the president of the Tooele stake of Zion, the youngest man to be called to a position of this kind. This was a new field for him. He was without experience in public speaking and untrained in the administrative duties of this responsible office. However, he brought to this calling his characteristic zeal and energy. Two years later he was called to the apostleship.

YES, he had worldly ambitions, he had dreams unfulfilled, aspirations unrealized. He laid down his worldly ambitions, accepted the service of his Church, and gave to it his whole-hearted devotion, a devotion unsurpassed, and today he is a distinguished



Birthplace of Heber Jeddý Grant.

amplify for his mother, but to do things for himself which would make her proud. This conviction fixed in his youthful mind, forced him, while yet a boy, to seek a place in the affairs of men. Consequently, at an age when most boys are living in sheltered ease, this boy was doing a man's work, carrying a man's responsibilities, and thinking in terms of men. His rise in the world of affairs was swift and dramatic, but merited. His brilliant mind, the sterling qualities of his character, his great industry, his matchless continuity of effort soon impressed those who employed him, and the boy who, but yesterday blacked the boots of his mother's boarders, today stood



Heber and
Augusta,
aged 20.



member of that small but noble company of men whom the people of this Church honor as prophets and leaders. That decision was vital. Great causes make great men.

No man ever gave his sincere, wholehearted allegiance to "Mormonism" who did not grow as a result of it. President Grant's life is a confirmation of this.

Notwithstanding the exalted office which he holds, his native simplicity makes him easily approachable and delightfully companionable. At the same time he has an unstudied dignity that would attract attention in any society. All this is enhanced by a keen sense of humor—enjoying a good story and always able to tell one.

If you were to interrogate his most intimate friends as to his outstanding characteristic, they would reply, without hesitation, "His generosity and kindness." If asked for specific cases, they would as quickly reply, "too numerous to mention." If opportunity to testify were given to all who have been the recipients of his generosity, what a company of people from all walks of life would rise to bless his name!

HE is indeed a "cheerful giver." His generosity is princely.

Where most men fall down he rises brilliantly. He cares less for money than any man that is interested in making it that we know. One of his intimate and life long friends, has this to say:



Augusta Winters Grant about the time of her marriage.

"His name was never lacking in any good cause, whether it was saving a financial institution to preserve the good name of his friends, starting a Liberty Loan drive, or keeping a poor widow's roof over her head. (A chapter could be written on this subject). The signature of Heber J. Grant, like the name of Abou Ben Adam, 'led all the rest'."

There is no discoverable motive in all his giving: he gives because he loves to,—it seems to be just the impulse of a great and generous heart. He is supreme in his generosity, a shining example of un-

selfishness. There is always something beautiful about a pure desire to give. The Apostle Paul says, "For God loveth a cheerful giver."

HEBER J. GRANT must stand high in the affections of his Maker. Notwithstanding his many and munificent gifts, the most serviceable gift he has given to his family, his friends, his people, is his self-governed, self-disciplined will, his inwardly triumphant and



Heber J. Grant as a baby.

victorious personality. In the final analysis, that is the most serviceable gift that any man can give to the world. "Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves."

Mild and gentle at home, he is fearless in his fight for the right. He never surrenders; no matter how deeply engulfed, he never remains submerged, he does not give up. Failure in any moral issue only whets his determination. When his financial moorings were swept from under him, when his health was shattered, when failure and disaster faced him on all sides, he did not capitulate; his indomitable spirit bid defiance to all these foes and with colossal courage he vanquished them. He preserved his honor, restored his standing, and at seventy-five is a better physical risk than at thirty-five. Today he carries confidently, gracefully and reverently the greatest responsibility he has ever borne.

You cannot keep a good man down when he has the valor and fighting spirit of the President. Buried beneath difficulties from which most men could never rise,

he comes forth to new conquests, to new victories.

All glory to his grit! He never quits, never furls his battle flag.

HIS life is an inspiration to every boy. He dreamed dreams and translated them into glorious realities. Most of us dream but we lack that intangible, indefinable, dynamic something to make our deeds larger and brighter than our dreams.

The story of some of his achievements as a boy can never die, they will endure forever as noble traditions among this people. They deserve a place in the school books of the land where boys may forever learn by example the vital lessons of patience and persistence, without which nothing worthwhile can be accomplished in this world. Where is there a better example of these virtues? Whether it was playing marbles, playing ball, writing copies, building sugar factories, no matter what or how difficult, he achieved his end.

He necessarily does much public

s p e a k i n g .
No one ever sleeps while he speaks. His clear, penetrating voice carries to the remotest corners of the great tabernacle. He has a direct, vigorous, and interesting style with a wealth of



Heber J. Grant as he was in middle age.

apt illustrations. There is nothing laborious or ponderous about it. Fearless and unsparing in his denunciation of evil and evil doers, he is quick to heal any wounds that may have been unjustly inflicted. This passage which he often quotes is descriptive of the President: "Reproving betimes with sharpness, when moved upon by the Holy Ghost; and then showing forth afterwards an increase of love toward him whom thou hast reproved, lest he esteem thee to be his enemy."

Valiant in his testimony, no one who listens to him ever

[Continued on page 733]



The Perfect Marriage Covenant

By
Joseph Fielding Smith
Of the Council of
the Twelve

And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.—Gen. 2:18.

MARRIAGE is considered by a great many people as merely a civil contract or agreement between a man and a woman that they will live together in the marriage relation. It is, in fact, an eternal principle upon which the very existence of mankind depends. The Lord gave this law to man in the very beginning of the world as a part of the Gospel law, and the first marriage was to endure forever. According to the law of the Lord every marriage should endure forever. If all mankind would live in strict obedience to the Gospel and in that love which is begotten by the Spirit of the Lord, all marriages would be eternal; divorce would be unknown. Divorce is not part of the Gospel plan and has been introduced because of the hardness of heart and unbelief of the people. When the Pharisees tempted Christ saying: "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?" He answered them: "Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh? Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." Then when they asked why Moses permitted divorce, the answer of the Lord was:

"Moses because of the hardness of your hearts suffered you to put away your wives: *but from the beginning it was not so.*" Moreover, what God joins together is eternal. Unfortunately most of the marriages performed are not by the will of God, but by the will of man. Marriages among Latter-day Saints are eternal marriages if they are properly performed because the Eternal Father gave the covenant of marriage which is received by couples who go to the Temple to receive this blessing there.

IT is necessary that marriages be regulated by civil law. Under the present world conditions the state must have power to form the laws governing marriages because of their close connection with the social structure of the state. Nevertheless it is a religious principle and the power should never be taken from ministers of religion, even in the apostate condition of the

world, to perform the marriage rite. When the kingdom of God is set up on the earth in all its fullness, and Christ comes to reign, marriage, like all other ordinances, will be controlled by the law of God. When that day comes marriages will not then be performed only until death shall separate the husband and the wife, for marriage shall be eternal. Under present conditions when "the powers that be" have jurisdiction in the earth, all men, no matter what their religious beliefs or lack of them may be, must be subject to the governments which exist. When Christ comes he will bring the "perfect law of liberty" and in it all the faithful will be made free and happy.

The Lord has given to the Church definite instructions in relation to this sacred principle which is so essential to the happiness of man. It is the duty of all members of the Church to accept the regulations of the Church. There is in the Church a ceremony which gives to the covenanting parties blessings which do not end with death. Marriage as understood by Latter-day Saints is a covenant ordained to be everlasting. It is the foundation for eternal exaltation, for without it there could be no progress in the kingdom of God.

THE idea which is almost universal that marriage is a contract which must end at death, did

not originate with our Eternal Father. It was introduced by the enemy of truth who has sworn to overthrow the kingdom of righteousness if he can. The first marriage ever performed on this earth was performed before there was any death, and the thought of death and a separation did not enter into it. Members of the Church have been constantly taught the sacredness of the marriage covenant, but it appears that there are some among our young people who are growing up in ignorance of this fact. I shall therefore quote from some authorities who have emphatically and officially spoken.

Paul declared that "Neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord." And the Lord said he would give the man a companion who would be a help meet for him. That is a help who would answer all the requirements, not only of companionship, but through whom the fulness of the purposes of the Lord could be accomplished regarding the mission of man through mortal life and into eternity. "Neither the man or the woman were capable of filling the measure of their creation alone. The union of the two was required to complete man in the image of God." (Compendium, p. 118.) The Lord said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness * * *. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." (Gen. 1: 26-7.)

MOREOVER when the woman was presented to the man, Adam said: "This (woman) is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh." From this we understand that his union with Eve was to be everlasting. The Savior confirmed this doctrine when he said to the Jews: "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh. Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh." (Matt. 19:5-6.) Then how can husband and wife be separated as we find them so frequently among the people today and be justified in the sight of God? When a man and his wife separate the law of God has been broken.

THE Prophet Joseph taught that "marriage was an institution

of heaven, instituted in the garden of Eden; that it is necessary it should be solemnized by the authority of the everlasting Priesthood." History of the Church 2:320. He also taught:

"Except a man and his wife enter into an everlasting covenant and be married for eternity, while in this probation, by the power and authority of the Holy Priesthood, they will cease to increase when they die; that is, they will not have any children after the resurrection. But those who are married by the power and authority of the priesthood in this life, and continue without committing the sin against the Holy Ghost, will continue to increase and have children in the celestial glory."—History of the Church 5:391.

President Joseph F. Smith has said:

"Many people imagine that there is something sinful in marriage; there is an apostate tradition to that effect. This is a false and very harmful idea. On the contrary, God not only commends but commands marriage. While man was yet immortal, before sin had entered the world, our heavenly Father himself performed the first marriage. He united our first parents in the bonds of holy matrimony, and commanded them to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth. This command he has never challenged, abrogated or annulled; but it has continued in force throughout all the generations of mankind.

"Without marriage the purposes of God would be frustrated so far as this world is concerned, for there would be none to obey his other commands.

"There appears to be a something beyond and above the reasons apparent to the human mind why chastity brings strength and power to the peoples of the earth, but it is so.

"Today a flood of iniquity is overwhelming the civilized world. One great reason for it is the neglect of marriage; it has lost its sanctity in the eyes of the great majority. It is at best a civil contract, but more often an accident or a whim, or a means of gratifying the passions. And when the sacredness of the covenant is ignored or lost sight of, then a disregard of the marriage vows, under the present moral training of the masses, is a mere triviality, a trifling indiscretion.

"The neglect of marriage, this tendency to postpone its responsibilities until middle life, that so perniciously effects Christendom, is being felt in the midst of the Saints."—Gospel Doctrine, p. 344.



"I want the young men of Zion to realize that this institution of marriage is not a man-made institution. It is of God. It is honorable, and no man who is of marriageable age is living his religion who remains single. It is not simply devised for the convenience alone of man, to suit his own notions, and his own ideas; to marry and then divorce, to adopt and then discard, just as he pleases. There are great consequences connected with it, consequences which reach beyond this present time into all eternity, for thereby souls are begotten into the world, and men and women obtain their being in the world. Marriage is the preserver of the human race. Without it, the purposes of God would be frustrated: virtue would be destroyed to give place to vice and corruption, and the earth would be void and empty."—Gospel Doctrine, pp. 241-2.

I HAVE heard President Smith say on several occasions that he would rather take his children one by one to the grave in their innocence and purity, knowing that they would come forth to inherit the fulness of celestial glory, than to have them marry outside of the Church, or even outside the Temple of the Lord. Why should he have been so emphatic? Because he had perfect knowledge of what marriage, according to the law of the Lord, means, and because he knew the consequences attending the rejection of this covenant in the House of the Lord. For those who refuse to receive this ordinance as the Lord ordained, cannot enter into the fulness of celestial glory. This is what the Lord has spoken:

"All covenants, contracts, bonds, obligations, oaths, vows, performances, connections, associations, or expectations, that ARE NOT MADE AND ENTERED INTO AND SEALED BY THE HOLY SPIRIT OF PROMISE, of him who is anointed both as well for time and for all eternity, and that too most holy, by revelation and commandment through the medium of mine anointed, whom I have appointed on the earth to hold this power * * * ARE OF NO EFFICACY, VIRTUE, OR FORCE IN AND AFTER THE RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD; for all contracts that are made unto this end have an end when men are dead"—Doc. and Cov. 132:7.

THEN the Lord adds that his house is a house of order and not a house of confusion and he will accept only that which he has appointed and that. "No man shall come unto the Father but by me or by my word, which is my law, saith the Lord." Everything that is in the world that is ordained by men and which is not by the word of the Lord, must be thrown down, and "shall not remain after

men are dead, neither in or after the resurrection, saith the Lord your God." When a man marries a wife by his word and they are sealed by his authority, "they shall pass by the angels, and the gods, which are set there, to their exaltation and glory in all things, "as hath been sealed upon their heads, which glory shall be a fullness and a continuation of the seeds forever and ever."

"Then shall they be gods, because they have no end; therefore shall they be from everlasting to everlasting, because they continue; then shall they be above all, because all things are subject unto them. Then shall they be gods, because they have power, and the angels are subject unto them."—Doc. and Cov. 132:20.

IN order to obtain these blessings obedience must be given to the marriage covenant ordained by the Lord. "For strait is the gate, and narrow the way that leadeth unto the exaltation and continuation of the lives, and few there be that find it, because ye receive me not in the world neither do ye know me. But if ye receive me in the world then shall ye know me, and shall receive your exaltation; that where I am ye shall be also." (Doc. and Cov. 132:22-23.)

The Lord has explained also the significant meaning of *Eternal lives* in this instruction:

"This is eternal lives—to know the only wise and true God, and Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent. I am he. Receive ye, therefore, my law."—Doc. and Cov. 132:24.

THE gift promised to those who receive this covenant of marriage and remain faithful to the end, that they shall "have no end," means that they shall have the power of eternal increase. Only those who have this power will truly "know the only wise and true God, and Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent. Others may see the Lord and may be instructed by him, but they will not truly know him or his Father unless they become like them.

Who desires to enter the eternal world and be a servant when the promise is held out that we may be sons and daughters of God? Yet there will be the vast majority who will enter into the eternal world as servants, and not as sons, and this simply because they think more of the world and its covenants, than they do of God and his covenants.

simply because in their blindness of heart, they refuse to keep these sacred and holy commandments. Oh what bitterness there will be in the day of judgment when every man receives his reward according to his works!

THE following excerpts are from a discourse by Elder Orson Pratt:

"The Lord ordained marriage between male and female as a law through which spirits should come here and take tabernacles, and enter into the second state of existence. The Lord Himself solemnized the first marriage pertaining to this globe, and pertaining to flesh and bones here upon this earth. I do not say pertaining to mortality; for when the first marriage was celebrated, no mortality was here. The first marriage that we have any account of, was between two immortal beings; * * * they were immortal beings; death had no dominion, no power over them. * * *

"What would you consider, my hearers, if a marriage was to be celebrated between two beings not subject to death? Would you consider them joined together for a certain number of years, and that then all their covenants were to cease forever, and the marriage contract be dissolved? Would it look reasonable and consistent? No. Every heart would say that the work of God is perfect in and of itself, and inasmuch as sin had not brought imperfection upon the globe, what God joined together could not be dissolved, and destroyed, and torn asunder by any power beneath the Celestial world, consequently it was eternal; the ordinance of union was eternal; the sealing of the great Jehovah upon Adam and Eve was eternal in its nature, and was never instituted for the purpose of being overthrown and brought to an end.

"It is known that the 'Mormons' are a peculiar people about marriage; we believe in marrying, not only for time, but for all eternity. This is a curious idea, says one, to be married for all eternity. It is not curious at all; for when we come to examine the scriptures, we find that the first example set for the whole human family, as a pattern instituted for us to follow, was not instituted until death, for death had no dominion at that time; but it was an eternal blessing pronounced upon our first parents."—From a discourse, August 29, 1852.

The following instruction comes from President Brigham Young:

"When a man and a woman have received their endowments and sealings, and

then have children born to them afterwards, those children are legal heirs to the kingdom and to all its blessings and promises, and they are the only ones that are on this earth. There is not a young man in our community who would not be willing to travel from here to England to be married right, if he understood things as they are; there is not a young woman in our community, who loves the Gospel and wishes its blessings that would be married in any other way; they would live unmarried until they could be married as they should be if they lived until they were as old as Sarah before she had Isaac born to her. Many of our brethren have married off their children without taking this into consideration, and thinking it a matter of little importance. I wish we all understood this in the light that heaven understands it.

"How is it with you sisters? Can you distinguish between a man of God and a man of the world? It is one of the strangest things that happen in life, to think that any man or woman can love a being that will not receive the truth of heaven. The love this Gospel produces is far above the love of women; it is the love of God—the love of eternity—of eternal lives."—Discourses, pp. 302-4.

"Be careful, O ye mothers in Israel, and do not teach your daughters in future, as many of them have been taught, to marry out of Israel. Woe to you who do it; you will lose your crowns as sure as God lives."—Discourses, p. 304.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."—Rev. 21:7.

SUCH timely instruction and information could be multiplied into many pages, but we will let this suffice. May all Latter-day Saint fathers and mothers see to it that they teach their children the sacredness of the marriage covenant. Let them impress upon their children that in no other way than by honoring the covenants of God, among which the covenant of eternal marriage is one of the greatest and most mandatory, can they obtain the blessings of eternal lives. If they refuse to receive this ordinance and other blessings of the House of God, then shall they be cut off from these higher blessings. They shall wear no crown; they shall have no rule and sway no scepter; they shall be denied the fullness of knowledge and power, and like the prodigal son, they may return again to their Father's house, but it will be as servants, not to inherit as sons. If they will be true to these commandments their glory and exaltation shall have no bounds—"all things are theirs, * * and they are Christ's and Christ is God's. And they shall overcome all things." (Doc. and Cov. 76: 59-60.)





CAPTAIN RUSSELL
MAGLEBY
at the end of the
grind

THIS dual-purpose recital of facts intends to answer boldly and emphatically two questions.

To the query: Does extended participation in strenuous inter-scholastic and intercollegiate athletics have a deleterious effect on the well being of young men? It answers, not necessarily; generally no; and often, decidedly opposite.

To the inquiry: Does the clean life pay? it shouts out, certainly, undeniably.

Perhaps the two questions are better answered in complement

It PAYS *to* Live Right

Fifty-one Intercollegiate
Contests in Five Months
and All is Well

By Coach

G. Ott Romney

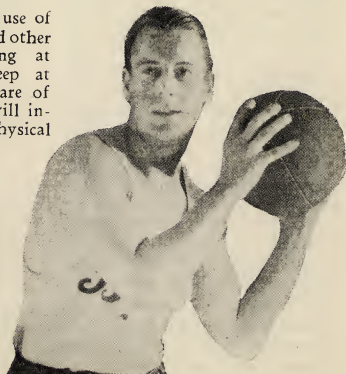
B. Y. U.

to each other. The athlete who observes the rules of physical health and strength and who lives the clean life will, granted that he is equipped with sound physical machinery in the beginning, thrive on a strenuous and extended program of high-pressure athletics.

convinced me that bodily cleanliness, observance of the inexorable laws of physical training, assures a foundation for and inspiration to self-respect, clean, vigorous thinking, a morale-building attitude and a fund of moral courage.

But I am calling in four splen-

ABSTINENCE from the use of tobacco and alcoholic and other stimulants, intelligent eating at regular hours sufficient sleep at regular hours, and smart care of the body as to cleanliness will insure to the young man a physical condition and stamina which will enable a capable mentor to put him through a carefully conceived program of exercise and rigorous playing schedules in sport after sport through his successive school years with no ill physical effects and a wealth of dividends in social training and character building. And a rather broad experience with young men in athletics has



"BRINLEY," forward

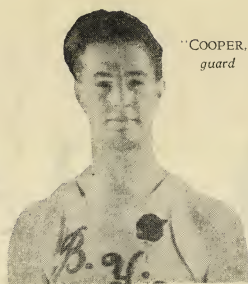
did student athletes to preach this sermon for me. I am asking their records to make the case. And while I realize that one swallow does not make a summer nor a single down payment purchase the radio set, nevertheless I feel that the evidence submitted by these four exponents of the clean and strenuous life is beyond refutation, and I know that their cases are typical of hundreds and thousands which abound in athletics everywhere and particularly in these parts where so many young men accept literally as fundamental in their lives the standards of clean living.

ELDONBRIN-

LEY, Russell Magleby, George Cooper and Mark Balliff are four versatile athletes of enviable reputation who have this spring completed four years of continuous and vigorous athletic participation on Brigham

Young University teams. They had all enjoyed activity on high school teams before entering college. They have all been successful students as their perennial eligibility attests; their average grade is considerable above the general student mean; and one or two of them have outstandingly strong records in scholarships.

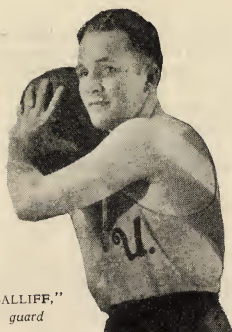
The real reason for selecting these four men from among scores of exemplary Cougars for critical physical examination was that they had just passed through as strenuous a schedule of football and basketball with practically no interim for rest, as has ever come to my attention. As a climax to organized athletic participation extending through from eight to ten years this quartet played an eleven game football schedule which necessitated sixty-five hundred miles of travel and then drove through a forty game basketball schedule which called for even greater Pullman mileage. In both sports the competition was high-grade. The opposition included some of the outstanding teams among the nation's college aggregations.



"COOPER,"
guard



The Game is on.



"BALLIFF,"
guard

AT the conclusion of this campaign during which these young men carried successfully the standard program of courses in a highly accredited university, they submitted to a thorough physical examination by Dr. Lloyd Cullimore of the medical staff of Brigham Young University. The verdict was unanimous. It read: Organs, perfect; nervous system, strong; weight, normal; appetites,

keen; digestion, O. K.; sense of humor, intact; no abnormal enlargement of the heart nor the head. No item was discovered which might be charged against athletics.

Perhaps this is why. Not one of these boys is or at any time has been a user of tobacco in any form, in season or out of season; nor a user of alcoholic or other stimulants, nor an intemperate liver in any sense. Every one of these athletes is a perfect trainer by habit and through experience. And you might be interested to know that—

ELDONBRIN-

LEY was awarded the efficiency student medal, which means that he is the member of the graduating class who best exemplifies all around student efficiency. His scholarship record shows a near

A average for four years. He is an accomplished musician, playing both strings and brass. On hundreds of occasions has he pulled the bow across the strings of his bass viol as a member of the B. Y. U. orchestra and symphony orchestra. A brilliant basketball forward and a steady tennis player, he grinned at his lack of football experience in high school and became an outstandingly strong tackle on three successive college elevens. And a tackle is a man who takes it and gives it at a post where the battle is the thickest and the shock the greatest.

GEORGE COOPER came to B.

Y. U. from the saddle of a Pangnitch cow-pony. He had earned more than a sectional reputation as a high school basketball player, having been selected among the notables at Mr. Stagg's National Interscholastic Tournament. But he had confined his participation to one sport and had been warned against too much participation because of a tendency toward pleurisy. Cooper not only proved one of the greatest basketball guards ever to appear in the Rocky Moun-

[Continued on page 744]

Man or Machine MADE?

By
Paul J. Weaver

THIS subject is a query, not a prophecy. Man or Machine?—"To be or not to be?"—that is the question every musician is asking himself nowadays. Others have asked me and I a thousand others in all walks of life, but no satisfactory answer has been given. No psychologist, no educationist, no manufacturer or dealer, no professional person or layman seems to know the answer.

Since there is no ready-made answer, we can only search for facts, note the changes in our industrial, professional, artistic and social life, compare periods of human history, attempt a diagnosis and suggest a remedy for the present complex conditions which have raised the question.

In every conceivable industry, the machine is replacing the man. In agriculture, in mining and manufacture, mass production is the rule. In transportation, in communication, in utilization, mass consumption has become the habit. Speed is the watchword, the push-button is the symbol of the age.

The machine has forced the common laborer from one field to another. Automatic processes replace the skilled mechanic. Duplicating methods substitute for the craft of the artisan. Mechanical calculation obviates mental mathematics. Movie and radio multiply audiences by millions. The utilization of art is universal. The machine displaces brawn and brain!

SYNTHETIC chemistry creates new elements. Artificial substitutes follow natural products in bewildering variety and rapidity. All matter, all energy is reduced to electronic vibration. Nothing is real and nothing matters.

We all recognize the symptoms of a profound economic disturbance in the field of music. Four out of five professional musicians out of work—many studios half-filled—concert bureaus, lyceums and chautauquas diminishing—legiti-

Editors' Note:

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mate theaters and vaudeville houses closing—only artists of national or international reputation sure of an audience—the sale of pianos and of musical instruments declining precipitously—decline of congregational singing and home-made music!

These are hard facts, beyond dispute or argument. Whether they indicate a transition period to be followed by a renaissance or a complete change in the production and consumption of music is a matter of conjecture. It is just possible that the answer to this question may be determined largely by the teachers in this very audience and by the public schools that are now training the youth and shaping the destinies of the next generation.

FOR convenience I shall divide this discussion into three sections, like a sonata of three movements, an Allegro, Tumultuoso; a Scherzando, Siesta; and a Con Moto, Maestoso. First, the Age of Machinery—of Science and Invention, of Mass Production, of Speed and Precision; second, the Age of Mass Distribution, of Mass Communication, of Mass Utilization, of Mass Entertainment; third, the New Era of Leisure—its Dangers, its Opportunities, the Responsibility upon Schools and Teachers, the Challenge of the Future.

We are living in the Golden Age of Miracles. This is the Age of Invisible Forces, physical and chemical, invisible media, electricity and ether, atoms and electrons, long waves, short waves. This is

the Industrial Revolution, the Machine Millennium, the Automatic Age. We push buttons that automatically satisfy hunger, provide comforts, and gratify tastes undreamed of a generation ago.

It is but a short step from the savage game hunter to the common field laborer, the wielder of pick and shovel, the village scribe, the operator of the automatic machine.

Food and drink, shelter and clothing, rapid transportation and communication, the universal utilization of art, have all been made possible by the modern automatic machine.

Artificial substitutes are the vogue in silks and satins, in jewelry, in dyes and perfumes, in furniture, in recreation and in entertainment. The movie and the radio make literature, drama and art available to everyone whether he live in a castle or a cabin.

LET us see what the machine, invented by engineer, physicist and chemist, has done in other fields to change methods of production and consumption, thus affecting the laws of demand and supply, as well as the lives of the individuals engaged in them.

"Self-preservation is the first law of life" runs the proverb. Food and drink, therefore, are vital necessities. How has the machine affected the production, distribution and consumption of food? Meat and natural fruits were man's first diet. Our own grandparents hunted native game for meat, later raised their own beef, pork and mutton, slaughtered and preserved it at home. This was home-made meat.

Today, a few big packers supply the bulk of all meat consumed in this country; it is our second largest industry. My grandfather performed all the operations of meat producing from feeding calves, shoats and lambs, to chops, roasts and sausages. At Swifts' each man uses one tool, performs one operation—a raised hammer and a fall-

ing blow, a poised knife and a single cut, and the carcass passes on! This is machine made meat. The local butcher and amateur meat cutter pass out of the economic picture.

WHAT of bread, "the staff of life?" My grandfather used to cut from a half to an acre of wheat a day with hand sickle or scythe. Then came the harvesting machine. The flail and foot treader succumbed to the threshing machine. Today, two men with a combination cutter-thresher and bagger, with one man on motor driven truck, can deliver forty acres of grain a day to the elevator or freight car. The common field-laborer and the draft horse fade out of the picture!

The bowl and mortar yield to the modern milling machine in Minneapolis; the small flour mill disappears from the landscape. Mother's bake-oven and the little German bakery give way to modern bakeries with automatic mixing, kneading, moulding, baking and slicing machines, and your bread comes to your table by motor delivery truck. You still have to butter and bite!

The same inevitable cycle applies to vegetables, fruits and drinks. Formerly we grew, canned, dried and preserved most of these. They come to my table ready-made, machine packed in tins and cartons, branded, advertised and delivered by machine. As a lad I milked cows, carried bowls of milk to the natural spring, separated the cream and churned the butter by hand. Dairy farms today use ready-mixed feeds, milking and bottling machines, cream separators, machine churns, molders, wrappers. Barns are electric lighted for "contented cows"—even hen-houses are flooded with ultra-violet rays to make the "happy hens" lay more eggs! And then, the incubator and brooder deprive them of their motherhood!

HOW about the next vital necessity, shelter? It is only a few generations from caves, tents, mud and log huts to the modern furnished, serviced apartment hotel. My father was born in an Indiana log-cabin and I just barely missed that distinction. My grandmother's light was the fat lamp and home-made tallow candle. My mother's lamp burned kerosene. Then came

gas and electricity, with automatic light from a dynamo machine, released by pushing a button.

Fire has evolved from hand rubbed sticks, or flint and steel, to safety match, pilot light and electric spark. As a boy I had to saw and split, by hand, all the fuel we consumed both for cooking and heating. Your home today is automatically heated by a machine burning oil, with even temperature controlled continuously and automatically by thermostat and electric spark.

The "old oaken bucket" today is but a myth; it is replaced by modern plumbing—water is stored and pumped into every room by a vast system of reservoirs and machine pumps. Natural ice, once cut by hand from rivers and lakes, has yielded in turn to artificial ice plants and the modern home electric or gas refrigerator.

MY grandfather founded a woolen mill in 1867. I worked in it as a boy during school vacations from 1890 to 1900. As late, then, as thirty years ago, farmers' wives brought bags of wool to the mill which I ran through the picking and carding machines. Formerly they did this by hand, but my machine did it faster and better. They took these rolls of wool back home and spun them by hand into yarn which they knitted by hand or wove by hand into cloth which they cut and sewed by hand into garments. Need I remind you that all this has passed in modern civilization? Today, modern automatic spinning, knitting, weaving, cutting, sewing and pressing machinery supplies "Your hose and your clothes—from head to toes."



The old fashioned tub and wash board, home-made soap and hand iron are superseded by the machine operated home and public laundry with electric washer, wringer and mangle, with "Lux" and "Thor" your slaves.

Time does not permit more than a casual mention of mass production machines that work up the natural materials of sand, clay, coal, wood, leather and metals and their artificial substitutes created by synthetic chemistry. Have you ever seen an automatic press punch stamping out an auto body or fender with one gigantic crunch applied to a sheet of cold steel? Or an automatic die-machine, turning out daily thousands of complex shapes formerly made laboriously by hand? Some of the parts in your piano-actions involve as many as twelve single operations now performed automatically by one machine. An operator simply feeds long maple sticks into one end and the finished part comes out the other!

HAVE you ever visited Henry Ford's plant and seen the mile-long machine, part human flesh and blood, part iron and steel, moving relentlessly, incessantly, with incipient Fords starting at the one end and finished, animated mechanisms coming out the other?

Mechanical ditch diggers, excavators, conveyors and escalators supply the power once furnished by dozens of individual common laborers. They dig our coal, ore and dirt—load them on trucks, trains and ships. They lay our gas and water mains, pave our streets and highways; dig our basements, mix sand and gravel, hoist beams weighing tons to the tops of our sixty-story skyscrapers. The pick and the axe, the shovel and the hoe are going to the museums, alongside bows and arrows. Time forbids even the mention of machinery and chemistry in modern warfare, that put the arrow, the spear and the sword in the museum.

These machines do everything but think, and some even appear to do that. Have you ever seen two men attending a cigarette machine? One man feeds this machine raw tobacco, rolls of paper and sheets of cardboard; the other takes off the conveyor complete cartons filled with automatically stuffed, rolled, counted and packaged cigarettes produced daily by millions!

What shall we say of adding machines, comptometers and calculators that multiply and divide fractions and decimals? What of the duplicating electric typewriter? And the multigraph?

A few years ago, news writers on daily papers sat with ear phones and typed by hand the news phoned over the Associated Press wires. Today, one sender types the news in a central office, and electric receiving machines in a hundred smaller cities type these messages automatically. One operator now does the work of a hundred!

PICTURE the solitary monk in his cell laboriously copying the manuscript by hand; contrast him with the linotype operator and the pressman at the Chicago Tribune plant with its hundred page editions each multiplied a million five hundred thousand times? Can we doubt that the Machine displaces the Monk? The Robot displaces brawn and brain!

Please bear with me—the end is not yet! We are asking ourselves the question "Man or Machine?" We can only judge the future by the past. What of the social intercourse of humanity—the transportation of our bodies; the distribution of wares and products, the communication of ideas and services, the mass utilization of recreation and entertainment?

I need not remind you of the days of individual transportation and the evolutionary sequence of ox, horse and camel; the jin-rickshaw, bicycle, auto and plane; of the sky-scraper elevator; nor of the evolution of travel by public stage coach, steam road, electric road—street level, elevated and subway—to modern air-transport; nor of slaves on galley ships rowing by hand, to sailing ships, steamships, and the oil-burning Diesel-engined floating palaces of today.

Need we mention the changes in distribution, from itinerant peddler to public markets and fairs, to cross-roads and general stores? Where are they now? They have fallen before the march of civilization—the modern distributing machinery of department store, mail order house and chain store, summed up in the term "Mass distribution." I am told that in Indianapolis scarcely a single individually operated grocery remains.

The individual inevitably yields to the Machine!

HOW have these mass methods affected the communications of ideas? A simple review of historic facts will suffice. Individual messenger—runner or rider—pony express, postal service, telegraph, telephone, wireless telegraphy, radio broadcast, international telephone service. All of which means that I can talk to a man in Vienna from Chicago or hear the London, Paris and Berlin Symphonic Orchestra or Grand Opera in my home studio by the push of a button and the turn of a dial! This is mass communication of ideas because a billion listeners can share this pleasure with me, if their tastes permit. A few hundred artists can produce this music, multiplied a billion times by mass distributing machinery, and re-produced in every civilized human habitation!

"But stop!" you cry—"this is artificial art, artificial music! We want the genuine, personal, individual article!" The American Federation of Musicians, through the expenditure of vast sums (\$500,000) in newspaper and magazine advertisements, implores us to protest against this artificial music, the Robot Artist in the "little brown box"—to demand the return of the exiled, personal performer.

PUBLIC demand is always the deciding factor—it is the greater factor in the economic equation, for supply must meet demand. Does the public really desire the return of the one-time mediocre theater orchestra and the destruction of the Machine? Has there

ever been a reversal, a return, to hand-made methods of home-made products in the long panorama of human achievements?

Moreover, what is artificial? The humble silk worm eats the leaves that absorb their texture from sun and soil and through its metabolism converts leaf into liquid from which it spins its diaphanous threads. The Rayon machine duplicates these processes—eats cornstalks or what-nots, converts them into a gelatinous mass and spins this out into tenuous threads. Where is the difference? It is not a far cry, after all, from the leafy garb of Mother Eve to the rayon-clad flapper of yesterday! Of course, the poor worm will have to starve! The machine will get the leaves!

And lo! the simple oyster! Here for millions of years he has been making pearls in "tears" and in pain (I was about to say "by hand") when along comes the chemist and produces synthetic pearls which only an expert can distinguish from the natural. And why shouldn't a trained chemist beat an uneducated oyster at his own game?

FLOWERS and plants have furnished our perfumes and dyes for ages, but again the chemist produces myriads of new synthetic colors and scents as a by-product of coal tar! The tints and scents, embalmed in coal for a million years, are simply released by modern science! Burbank has given us dozens of new, luscious fruits with the aid of horticultural science.

For ages, carpenters and cabinet makers have labored in natural wood—cutting, trimming, planing, chiselling, mortising, carving, varnishing, and polishing by hand—from raw lumber to finished furniture. Today, a new product, Bakelite, a plastic made of casein or resins, can be molded and pressed by machined dies at once into the complete article. For all I know, you are now sitting on chairs made of super-heated cheese!

We are even adopting artificial exercises and recreation. We build a 100,000 capacity stadium for spectators of athletic games, and take our sport vicariously, by proxy, as it were. Instead of a walk in the natural sunshine we push the button and expose our-

[Continued on page 746]



The New Education in Austria

By

BERTHA S.
STEVENS



UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA

IT is my pleasure and privilege to tell you something of a new educational system which has recently been developed in the city of Vienna as a result of four years of experimental work carried on by Dr. Paul L. Dengler in one of the high schools of that city.

It was done in connection with the general change in the schools of Austria after the world war.

The new education in Austria was a daring change from old methods and curricula, but was based on sound principles of psychology and a national need for greater love and tolerance.

Before the war each country under Austrian rule wanted different connections. Each people hated the other. There was constant intrigue and jealousy. These racial prejudices exist strongly today but the war did not cause them, it only exhilarated.

In the present internal situation in Europe each hates the other. Many things which would help all cannot be done.

Traditions are strong in Europe. They want to remain what they are. Children's minds are poisoned by hate and jealousy.

Quoting Dr. Dengler on his

purpose in beginning his new system or method he said:

"We must raise a new generation, our hope is in educating our children in greater love and tolerance, not only for each other, but for other peoples. We must teach our children that we are bringing each other something, and we must do it through our schools."

BEFORE the war the aim of education had been to make loyal subjects for the dynasty. There had been a constant suppression of individual thoughts and feelings, and *this* through the severest discipline.

Only 7% went to high schools leading to the university.

After the war each nation wanted to be independent. One by one the nations withdrew to set up new governments and all that was left of the once great Austria-Hungarian Empire was a small area from which to form the New Republic of Austria.

What had been the mingling place of the races and the mecca for the great intellectuals of the world was now a small poverty-ridden nation.

They had never been educated to be a unit but there was one great advantage, they now had only one language and they were free to

build up an education which they wanted. The old scheme of education in which the child was molded for the government has been replaced in Vienna by one in which there is activity and cooperation and through which the child is led to do his own thinking.

Let me pause a moment before reviewing the experiment of Dr. Dengler, to tell you something of the man himself.

He was born in Salsburg, Austria, of Austrian parentage, and is now 43 years of age. He was graduated from the University of Vienna in 1904, his major being psychology. He has attracted the attention of educators the world over with his methods and has traveled and lectured extensively in the United States and Europe.

UTAH was honored by a visit from this great doctor about two years ago.

During the past summer he told of his experiments before educational conventions in Denmark and England and created quite a good deal of interest at the International Educational Convention, held at Geneva, Switzerland, in August, 1929.

Through his method he aims to teach for *life* and to *live* and for this reason it is his theory to include the family in his system. He said:

"Our greatest hope and work is with the masses."

His experiments which he calls community education were carried on in the high school or "Mittel Schule" which compares with our junior high school and up to about 18 years of age. The pupils he worked with directly were about 15 and 16 years of age.

He told us, however, that the children of Austria were about 2 years behind those of America due to privation and illness during and after the war.

He organizes the children into a class community with three groups:

1. The Teachers' group or Community.
2. The Parents' Community.
3. The Children's Community, joining all three to form the School Community.

THE TEACHERS' COMMUNITY

The Teacher's Community has been the hardest group to work with. Teachers have had to be trained for the work and institutes are held where courses are given.

THE teachers go once a week to a museum, a factory or a bakery (for example) and all the week work on this idea, (which is called concentrated education).

They study how certain things came, where they came from and study the countries, the geography, climate, natural resources, etc.

Each teacher carries the idea into her class work and takes it up as art, geography, language, nature study and so on.

One day in the week the teachers come together on the next community project. They must come together or one will overlap another.

Another function of the Teachers' Community is to make observations about the children, these to be discussed in their community group.



DR. DENGLER, CENTER



CHILDREN'S CLINIC

THE PARENTS' COMMUNITY

This is not especially for parent education but for parent cooperation. In the beginning they must get acquainted, they must know each other. Perhaps the teacher will have to start things by introducing them.

At the first meeting they have an election of executive officers. Then they form a constitution. After that they have general meetings, with the teacher in the background, and problems are discussed. They study, read books, write papers, make visits to the school and take some courses with the children. The papers written by the parents have been very valuable in the hands of the teachers in interpreting the children's behavior.

THE CHILDREN'S COMMUNITY

This is a community of self-government. Their slogan is: "No Hatred, Preach Love." Here they get a real training in personality, individuality and leadership.

AT first Dr. Dengler tried with 40 children and found it was too many. In the beginning only the boys were organized, but the boys asked to have the girls, and now they are in the groups.

This is the way he began to use his plan. He said:

"I went into the room and looked into the eyes of the children and chose five to be leaders."

"They formed the leaders' group."

"The function of this group is: to legislate, hold meetings and form the administrative community."

"After the first time, the leaders were elected every two months. This leaders' group elects a chief leader. The leaders' names are written on the blackboard, and the children write their names under the leader they wish to join."

DR. DENGLER stated the lists were surprisingly uniform and surprisingly fair, never has a leader been left without a group. Neither were the leaders always the superior children. Probably three above average to two below

in a group of five.

It is good for the superior child because it gives him extra work to do outside of the school routine. All work is based on just the average.

The class is divided into four or five groups because it gives greater opportunity for leadership, for helping the backward child or others who need help. It makes for mutual responsibility and gives opportunity for discussion between groups. There is no competition between groups.

Once a week the leaders have a meeting where no teacher is present. Matters are discussed, decisions made and problems duly taken to the teacher, or to the parent appointed or elected to work with the children.

[Continued on page 742]

Facing Life

By

Dr. Adam S. Bennion

IX. What Fields Are Open?

THIS business of choosing a business has sure got me worried. My father once had a paying blacksmith job but his business has gone right out from under him. How can I be sure that the thing I learn how to do will be good ten or fifteen years from now?"

"In the days of the pioneers a man could go out into a new country and make a start. Even if he didn't have much money he could homestead and in a few years build up something of his own. But you can't do that any more. It just seems as if you have to work for somebody else."

"Mining and smelting are changing so that a fellow can't depend on keeping a job in one of those lines even if he can do a good job now. Or take a job like painting, how can a man compete against a machine that sprays duco?"

SUCH letters reflect a vocational uncertainty that haunts many men. Social progress has an element of cruelty in it. Changes inevitably cut some chasms through the social structure and men of a former generation are sometimes left on the "other" side of the chasm. No one has as yet found a way in which to prevent such a conclusion.

But the younger generation can make the adjustment. The young blacksmith became an auto mechanic; the progressive livery stable became a garage. Root beer and hot dog stands and night clubs are struggling under a feebly enforced Volstead Act to substitute for the saloon with its wobbly Adeliners.

Some occupations go out with



their age. No one can hold them in. And nothing can be gained by attempting to argue to retain them. Surely lamenting their passing can never help a man make a livelihood. Isn't it your experience that, except in crises of unemployment like the one through which we are now passing, capable, well prepared men are practically always able to secure employment. Normally the business of keeping a civilization going calls for active participation of most of the people who enjoy that civilization.

LET'S get at the matter rather definitely. How many of you who read this article have actually projected yourself out into the world of jobs far enough to discover just what you might secure as an occupation? The more I discuss this problem with young people, the more I become convinced

that most of them wait until circumstance throws a job at them—or throws them at a job. Of course many young men go from job to job but that is not so much the result of an intelligent research to discover a suitable calling as it is the result of a vague uncertainty of desire or lack of interest or of an invitation to move on.

As I write this article I can look out on one of the busiest blocks on Main Street in Salt Lake City. As I look down the street I am struck not by the few jobs available in a city but by their rich variety. Next time you are in such a city try counting through fifteen minutes the jobs which come before your observation. Or go into a typically busy office building and note the range of employment available.

THE difficulty may lie not so much perhaps in the scarcity of jobs but rather in our inability creatively to look for them. Someone has said that a man sees with "what's behind the eye" and it may be that we have done but little by way of putting something behind the vocational eye of youth. How often a boy does or does not want to do what his father does. All too frequently that is about the only job of which some boys have any particular knowledge.

Let's suppose you were given \$100.00 and told that you might take the best trip which \$100 would finance for you. What would you do before you actually started out on some particular jaunt? If you were even normally intelligent you would gather data on all the possible trips within the range of the allowance. Of course, you might have been longing to

take a certain trip these many years in which case you could jump to your conclusion in a hurry. That's only because you have already been working to a conclusion.

BUT in this trip of Life you have not \$100—you have a human destiny—your destiny—all that you have and are will be bound up in your decision. These articles have repeatedly hinted the substance of the whole matter: search out a worthy choice into which you can put your whole heart and then prepare for that choice so that you will be outstandingly fitted to pursue it. Even if circumstances vary the job, if you have trained yourself adequately and fundamentally, your training will be your best guarantee of an ability to make a transfer.

This summer has been altogether unusual because of the great number of applicants seeking employment. One of the most outstanding features of the whole situation is the overwhelming unfitness of very many applicants for any specific job. So many boys present themselves with their parents. The latter seem really to be the seekers after the jobs. It is they who have been doing much of the thinking and worrying. Scores of boys just want jobs—anything. Their stories no doubt are essentially the same at every place of business at which they apply. If this depression has done nothing else it should have driven home to boys for all time the thought that when they apply for a job they should ask for work to which they can bring a pre-disposed self—they should work to reach a point when they have in themselves a real selling point for a specific kind of work. Thoughtless drifting leaves too many boys without a premium on the greatest thing they will ever have to offer—themselves.

TO the boy who is really in earnest—the boy who is eager to find his own best niche—to such a boy fortunately there is available a world of help and direction. He can find out about all kinds of jobs long before he spends two or three years to discover that he doesn't like them or that he isn't fitted for them.

The genius of getting on lies in finding a worthy pursuit and going to the top in it. Aptitude plus enthusiasm plus vigorous, contin-

ued, sustained effort just have to get results. Suppose you develop an interest in bees. Certainly there is nothing to prevent your becoming an outstanding Bee-Keeper. Problems such as Habits of Bee Life—Food—Quality of Honey—Attractive Containers—Available Markets—all of these and a score of others can make of Bee-Keeping a fascinating pursuit.

THOUSANDS of jobs are awaiting you if you can fit yourself for them. A number of years ago the Military Training Commission of New York had conducted a study of vocations under the title "Our Boys." The appendix to that study lists the following seventeen groups of trades and occupations:

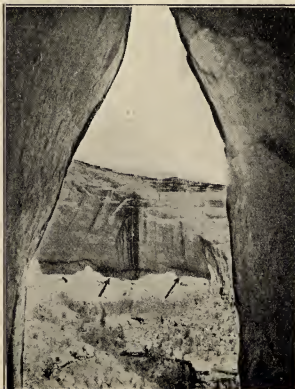
GROUP 1

- Group 1—Professional.
- Group 2—Clerical Workers
- Group 3—Business.
- Group 4—Executive Positions.
- Group 5—Government Service.
- Group 6—Building Trades.
- Group 7—Metal Trades.
- Group 8—Woodworking.
- Group 9—Clothing.
- Group 10—Clay, Glass, Stone, and Mining.
- Group 11—Printing.
- Group 12—Transportation.
- Group 13—Food Production and Preparation.
- Group 14—Textiles.
- Group 15—Shoes and Leather Industries.
- Group 16—Miscellaneous Manufactures.
- Group 17—Labor.

If you would appreciate the range of possibilities in such a study turn through two of the groups to see what openings there are:

PROFESSIONAL

- Accountant.
- Actor.
- Advisor.
- Aeronautical engineer.
- Architect.
- Architectural engineer.
- Artist.
- Assayer.
- Athlete (all kinds).
- Attorney, lawyer.
- Author (not journalist).
- Automotive engineer.
- Bacteriologist, general.
- Bugler.
- Chaplain.
- Chemical engineer.
- Chemist.
- Chiroprapist.
- Civil engineer.
- Clergyman.
- Commercial engineer.
- Dental mechanic.
- Dentist.
- Designer, artistic.
- Draftsman.
- Educator.
- Electrical engineer.
- Electrotherapist.
- Engineer, statistical, technical.
- Engraver.
- Epidemiologist.
- Extension teacher, lecturer, etc.
- Heating or ventilating engineer.
- Highway engineer.
- Hydraulic engineer.
- Hydrotherapist.
- Illustrator.
- Interpreter.
- Inventor.
- Investigator.
- Journalist.
- Manicurist.
- Manual instructor, psychiatric.
- Map maker.
- Masseur.
- Mathematician.
- Mechanical engineer.
- Metalurgist.
- Meteorologist (weather expert).
- Midwife.
- Mining engineer, general.
- Motion picture laboratory expert.
- Motion picture photographer.
- Musician.
- Neurologist.
- Nurse, trained and not trained.
- Operation and time study engineer.
- Optician.
- Organizer.
- Painter—artist, landscape or mural.
- Pharmacist.
- Photographer.
- Physical Instructor.
- Physician.
- Physiological lab. assistant.
- Plant operating engineer.
- Podiatrist.
- Professor, college.
- Psychiatrist assistant.
- Psychologist assistant or expert.
- Radio—electrical expert.
- Sanitary engineer.
- Scientific observer.
- Sculptor and clay modeler.
- Showman.
- Sign painter.
- Specialist.
- Statistician.
- Structural engineer.
- Surgeon.
- Surveyor.
- Taxidermist.
- Teacher.
- Telegraph engineer.
- Telephone engineer.
- Tester.
- Veterinarian.
- Welfare worker, administrative.
- X-Ray operator.



[Continued on page 740]



Two tons and fourteen hundred pounds of Grasshoppers piled up ready to be burned.

Grasshoppers for Thanksgiving

By
Weston N. Nordgren

AS one of the curious results of the 1931 drought in the Western and Mid-Western states, probably more persons will eat grasshoppers for Thanksgiving this year than ever before. Even the plains Indians of ancient times, with their grasshopper pancakes, their grasshopper soup and crisp dried grasshoppers, probably could not surpass in volume the hopper consumption of Americans today.

Among other items included in the festivities on the bill of fare will be such things as wagon tongues, fence posts, clothing and other forms of vegetable fiber consumed previously by the grasshoppers. The hoppers, in turn, will be served on the Thanksgiving table, not without joy and rejoicing, in the form of the domestic American turkey.

GRASSHOPPERS this year, as the result of several dry seasons culminated in 1930 and 1931 by severe drought in the United States, have spread over a large area of Western America, reaching from the Middle Western states to Utah and the Oregon coast. Farmers in their attempt to stave off complete destruction, have waged relentless war against the pests' pitiless invasion. Various methods for the extermination of the plague have been tried, as poison bran, spraying the insects with poison, burning them, catching them in balloon canvas scoops, and fattening turkeys on them.

Wherever turkeys are, their owners are turning their loss of grain and hay through the hoppers to good account by fattening the birds on the insects. These

birds, primed and juicy, will then go on the Thanksgiving and Christmas markets, probably commanding the highest price as holiday delicacies, because of their flavor.

THE turkey has proved successful in the war on the grasshopper scourge, since, unlike the sea gull which devoured the crickets of early days, the turkeys will enter a field of growing alfalfa or grain, and almost hidden by the growth will catch and eat the hoppers by the hundreds, continuing as long as daylight lasts, or as long as there is room for more in the turkey's crop. These birds do not disgorge the insects, but retain them as food, fattening on them as the season advances, and hunting them diligently from one field to another.



Burning the Grasshoppers.

Sometimes the birds range for miles, cleaning up the hoppers as they go; and lucky is the farmer who has enough turkeys to keep his fields free of the plague.

Recently, one man at Grantsville, Utah, was called upon to aid in curbing the grasshopper evil in Tooele county. He took his 1500 birds, and driving them like sheep, and accompanying them as a herder with his sheep wagon, he went from field to field, clearing the acres of hoppers and at the same time feeding his flock, at no expense to anyone. He has had great success with his charges, and is more and more in demand as farmers discover the effectiveness of the turkey as a weapon against the hopping pests.

Not content with grain, potatoes, corn, squash, melons, fruit and shade trees, and alfalfa, sometimes the hoppers eat strange things. Many unusual stories are told of the hoppers eating wagon tongues, fence posts and clothing. "Around Buffalo, Neb., the farmers made a feeble attempt to recoup some of their losses by scooping up the dead hoppers, packing them and selling them to fishermen for bait at 20 cents a pound."

DISPATCHES from the Middle

West state that science is pitting all its strength against the hordes of hoppers that have swept the states of Nebraska, Iowa, South Dakota and Minnesota, leaving barren the producing agricultural districts. On the plains the farmers fight hand-to-hand with the pests; airplanes drone overhead dropping poison spray on the devouring insects; farm machinery of all types is being converted into vehicles of destruction to catch the hoppers. Poison bran vies with

fire, oil and other weapons as a means of exterminating the foe. Bonfires dot the devastated areas, as the dead insects are cremated. Appeals from town, county and state organizations have reached the Capitol, as political leaders exert their influence to appropriate money to fight the scourge.

The Secretary of Agriculture, scheduled recently to speak at the Uintah Basin Industrial Convention, at Ft. Duchesne, Utah, declared he would be unable to attend the fete, due to the fact that his presence was necessary in the Northwest, where the farmers were being swamped by a new grasshopper invasion. "In order to combat the drought and grasshopper scourge in the Minneapolis, St. Paul, Omaha and other mill centers, permission was granted to the Chicago & Northwestern railroad to make emergency rates (deduction) effective in intrastate traffic," beginning July 31, according to reports from Chicago under that date.

The losses in the Plain States already have mounted to millions of dollars, much of which could have been avoided, according to

expert agriculturists, had the grasshoppers' eggs been destroyed before they had opportunity to hatch. The old Rocky Mountain grasshoppers, so much sought by mountain fishers as trout bait, with their gray bodies and red legs, stay in one location most of their lives. It is with the migratory or warrior type, which begins traveling a few hours after the eggs hatch, and never stops until death overtakes it, that the farmers have to deal.

Dry, hot weather contributes to the hatching of the eggs, and drought causes the hoppers to congregate and live on whatever green or vegetable material they can secure, leaving desolation in their wake. It is so this year; and parasites have not developed, nor has man been able to prepare remedies, fast enough to remove the scourge before great damage has been done.

MORE than 1,200 persons of Union county, South Dakota, where the crops are virtually destroyed, met in a non-sectarian meeting at Elk Point, and sought Divine help for deliverance from grasshopper hordes. July 26, at precisely the same spot their forefathers had gathered 60 years ago for the same reason. At about the same date several stakes in Utah called a special fast and prayer meeting for relief from the drought. In the latter case, within a week rains cooled the atmosphere and brought moisture for thirsting farms and joy and hope to the struggling farmers. The results of the former petition have not yet been made known. It is said that the hoppers are so thick on the highways through Iowa, that motorists must keep their radiators

(Continued on page 748)



Canvas Balloon used to catch Grasshoppers.

Troubles

By

Mrs. Olive M. Nicholes

Illustrated by
PAUL S. CLOWES



[Editor's note: "Troubles" was awarded the prize in our short, short story contest. Eight other stories met with favor and the judges have decided to offer special prizes to their authors. The prize winner in the contest open to authors whose stories have never appeared in print cannot be announced in this issue, owing to the unusually large number submitted.]

THE spring had been an early one, coaxing out the blossoms in the orchards until the hills, for miles, seemed girdled by the delicate, warm bloom. Too soon the petals fell; too soon the small, green spheres grew larger and firmer and—there came the frost. From La Verkin to Los Vegas the swift, white flame swept

like a phantom in the night. Yesterday the branches had held up their rich promises; today they hung black and shriveled in the March sunshine. It was only where some venturesome soul had risked his all in the smudge-pots that a few trees still held their early freshness.

A neighbor of mine on the "Bench," came over to my little cabin and found me, chin in hands, looking gloomily across at my ruined orchards,—discouraged and heartsick.

"Cheer up, kid," he grumbled, "Frost never comes like this two years runnin'. The trees'll be all the better fer a year's rest."

"But this was the second bearing,—my banner year. I've already written to Alice and the boy to come on in the fall," I argued.

The thought of waiting for an-

Rabbit brush and mesquite bushes hemmed the narrow road. Gray-green lizards darted through the salt grass with incredible swiftness.

other year fogged my vision and turned my heart to lead.

"Well," he offered, laying a caloused hand on my bowed head, "There's at least one man in the country ain't shakin' his fist at high heaven and cursin' his luck,—and that's Gran'pa Free. Better borry my nag and ride over to see him, Benton."

GLOOMILY enough I went. The "Bench" lay several miles above the river that swept its treacherous way through the red sands. Beyond the bridge lay "Hidden Springs Ranch." The road wound through the fields like a crimson ribbon,—every footfall of the mare's ponderous hoofs

sinking into the sand to the fetlocks. The wayside vegetation had not changed since that memorable day when Erastus Snow's indomitable caravan had halted on the crest of Lava Ridge and taken their wagons apart to let them down, piece by piece, over the ledges that had dared to thwart his way.

Rabbit brush and mesquite bushes hemmed the narrow road. Gray-green lizards darted through the salt grass with incredible swiftness. The cerise blossoms of the cactus flaunted their silken sails in the vagrant breeze. Tules crowded the sluggish streams to the brim, where hundreds of redwinged blackbirds dipped and soared.

I found the old gentleman on the front veranda, reading his morning paper as though nothing had happened. Already a dozen boys were raking up the rubbish in the orchards or sowing sorghum cane seed in the freshly turned soil. The trees must be watered anyway and a thousand gallons of molasses sold in northern markets would bring no mean compensation.

HE rose to meet me, although I was a stranger. His beard, rippling to his waist, was as white as the blossoms of the yucca that rings its waxen bells in the gardens of the wastelands. His eyes alert and kind were as blue as the southern skies. Although well beyond his allotted three score years and ten he stood unbowed by time. He was of that rare old type that retains its freshness and geniality in spite of age. He reminded one of a solitary flower in a frosted garden; all around him his youthful companions tottered with the childishness of withering manhood, while he remained clear of eye and brain.

"Quite a frost," he said, taking my hand.

"The worst trouble a man can have," I returned. "So much depends on making a living."

He laid a gentle hand on my shoulder. "Don't say that, my boy; you don't know what trouble is."

"No; that is true. You who have had so much,—since you have lived longer than I,—can be the better judge."



GRAN'PA FREE

"I have had but one," he replied quietly, shading his eyes with a hand that trembled a little.

I knew he meant to tell me of that trouble, so I waited, drowsily watching the boys at work in the orchard.

"When I was young like you, I left home to get rich,—so I said. From Vermont I went to Kansas, taking my wife,—the sweetest woman in all the world—with me. For two years I worked, and worked hard. At last things seemed going fine. The farm promised abundant crops for that

year. I worked early and late. The grain grew tall and green, then the drouth came. I prayed, then I cursed and shook my fist at the brazen skies. The grain turned brown and withered up, my horses died, and I had to give it up and move away. I thought that was trouble; but it wasn't, it wasn't."

"The next year, we joined the Church. People there were dreadful set against us, so we decided to come out here where the others had come. We were too anxious to get away, over-zealous I guess, and started late. You know about the handcart?"

He stopped for a minute, and folded his paper.

"It was a tragedy, my boy. God bless those brave women that kept us poor fellows up. Well,—winter came. Many froze to death. Every night I looked at my wife, and babies, and prayed a selfish prayer,—that if every family lost, I could save mine. One morning, I uncovered my wife,—she was frozen stiff. I guess I must have gone mad."

AGAIN he looked off down the road, as though waiting for someone to come up.

"They buried her, my Bess, out there on the prairies," chokingly, "and I left her, and came on with the babies."

"Oh, my boy, I thought that was trouble;—the greatest that could come to a human being; but it wasn't, no; comparatively it wasn't trouble at all."

"Then I settled on this farm. It was miles from folks; but I didn't care. With my two boys,—Alex was twelve and Roy ten,—I tried to make something out of it."

Sometimes the crop went; sometimes the river took out our dams; but I didn't worry,—that wasn't trouble.

"One day we left our baby-girl,—she was eight. We used to take her with us, most of the time; but that day I thought it was too hot, and sent her back. She begged to come, but I wouldn't let her. She went back all right, and we went about a mile up the road. I could see her in the yard playing; but pretty soon I forgot her."

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"Cheer up, kid," he grumbled. "Frost never comes like this two years runnin'. The trees'll be all the better for a year's rest."

A Daughter of Martha

By
Ivy Williams Stone

Illustrations by Paul S. Clowes

Chapter Three

IT was almost a year after Gloria's marriage before her father acknowledged the news. Even then his message was brief:

"Tell my little girl I am sending her a strange wedding gift. She is to keep them always. The dirt diggings for diamonds get larger and larger. Regular mines. I hope to get rich quickly now."

This letter, like all his previous ones, had been opened. The Kirkman family now knew it was useless to hope for the safe passage of money. Considering the various means of travel, it was strange that the letters ever got through at all.

When the gift arrived, it proved to be a half-open crate that need not be opened for inspection. It was legibly marked that it contained twelve ornamental gourds—*value nothing*. They had been picked from the luxuriant vines that Margaret Kirkman remembered having grown about their old home. The natural smooth surface had been carved with native scenes. The handles of some were queerly twisted, some were straight, some made a complete circle. But

every gourd was decorated with finely sketched scenes. There were trek wagons, drawn by many oxen. There was a fording scene, with a wagon half tipped. There were native women washing at the river; kafirs in full war array, with shields and spears. One showed a monkey, caught, because he could not pull his sugar-filled paw from the tiny hole in a squash. Gloria laughed at the grimace the artist had made on the wizened face. When you tipped the gourds from end to end, the seeds rattled, producing a queer, hollow sound.

GLORIA felt an unexplainable thrill as she unpacked this gift. A symbol of her childhood, it must contain some hidden meaning, for it was evident that great care had been used upon the engravings. And how the seeds rattled!

"Let's cut one of 'em open and see what it's like inside," Rodney Whitman was always inquisitive and he reached for his knife as he spoke, but Gloria drew her gourds quickly away.

"Oh, no," she cried, "I don't want them cut. I shall keep them always. Just as they are. The seeds would not grow, anyway. It is too cold here." Thus from the time she was twenty she guarded the gift from the father. The gourds were placed on the what-not in the marvelous parlor. They were examined by native and visitor alike, and became a symbol of the father who never came with the fortune in diamonds which he had predicted.

THE gourds and the what-not stood between the glass-domed wax flowers and the Franklin stove. The big square piano filled a generous space. A store carpet covered the entire floor, the straw under it creaking as you stepped carefully over the red roses.





As a wedding gift, Jonas had given her a marvelous new luxury, a hanging lamp, with lilacs painted on the shade. You pulled it down to trim the wick and replenish the oil, and pushed it up after lighting. Its soft rays reached all corners of the room. A white bear skin rug lay before the Franklin stove, and a musical album that played "Coming Through the Rye" decorated a marble-topped table. Everlasting daisies in carved wooden vases filled each corner. It was a room of wonders, but they were inherited. Only the gourds really exclusively belonged to Gloria.

She soon learned that the visionary, dreamy expression of Jonas' eyes was indicative of his disposition and temperament. He planned for tomorrow; built for future generations. The petty,

trivial incidents of every day life worried him. He lived in an exalted atmosphere, incapable of stooping to small bickerings. In all his leisure moments he either studied law or wrote poetry. He did not care to know when his two children quarreled. He was impatient with little Anna, whose malady baffled him. She defied discipline, played perilously on the banks of creeks, or between the feet of horses. She did not know or understand fear, and rushed blindly to the aid of her pets or any afflicted animal. Jonas expected meals to be cooked whether the wood box was full or empty. From his visionary dreams he was incapable of reaching down to the daily routine and everyday tasks which had to be performed in the home. He issued orders to his son and his employees, then he

Lott Gascom's shifting eyes drew together in a heavy scowl when Jonas Whitman called upon him the next morning, and ordered him to move his cows.

trusted implicitly to their honor to carry them out. He was often sadly disappointed, but more often, never learned of the results. He was frequently away from home, making long trips to his saw mill, another to his store in the town, forty miles away. When the sawmill broke down, the men lounged around on full pay. While at the sawmill, his store was robbed. While away from the farm, the water was run too long on one piece of grain, while another field scorched.

GLORIA saw that his clothes never lacked buttons; that

his linen was never scorched in the ironing; that his socks which were now store made, never had a hole. Jonas accepted her ministrations gratefully. It was wonderful to transfer the burden of home-making to willing shoulders. How she obtained the water which washed his linens was not his worry. There was a good well and a good boy. How she procured the wood which heated the irons which she used on his linens was not his problem. There was wood in the nearby hills, horses and wagons, idle men and axes.

Rodney Whitman regarded his new mother with small concern. His own mother having been too ill to trace his movements, he had lived much upon his own resources and supplied his own pastimes. If he did the tasks which his father allotted, there was no comment. If he ignored the orders, there was no punishment. He did not like to cut wood, much preferring to read the numerous books which he found in the library. Rodney disliked the farm, longed to live in town and run the store, hated the isolation of the saw mill. Results always seemed to require too much effort. Withal he was bright, inoffensive and tolerant. His secret hopes were to possess a store of his own.

HE had early learned to conceal all unpleasant truths from his father. Before Gloria came, the dishes could remain unwashed, and there had been no one to make him carry water. The bread could go unbaked, and there had been no one able to make him cut wood. The family could subsist without butter, if he had to pasture the cows. He had learned to ingratiate himself into his father's good graces.

The library contained many marvelous books, which made Gloria begrudge the hours necessary for household tasks. There were histories, poetry and the better novels of the period. Roe's stirring romances of country life in America; Ouida's novels of French and English wartime; Shakespeare's complete works. Mark Twain's tales were coming in, too, and Rodney owned a leather bound copy of "The Prince and the Pauper."

Water had to be drawn from

the well and carried to the reservoir on the rear of the stove. Wood had to be cut; cows had to be milked. The milk was kept in an outdoor cellar, so the cream could rise for the semi-weekly churning. There were always hired men, never late for meals. Mixing bread was a daily ritual. In spite of the fact that it was painted, the kitchen floor contained many grease spots.

THE moss roses had suffered from neglect. Some of the glass was broken in the conservatory. The lily pond in the center of the lawn was overgrown with weeds. Little Anna would wander off into the nearby hills, staying for hours, ignoring Gloria's frantic calls. The fluting irons required a skill exceeding that of knitting. Washing on a board consumed many hours. Pigs were forever breaking into the fields. During the years of his widowhood, Jonas' home had been wastefully managed. Gloria found half sacks of flour, abandoned and discarded. A barrel of dried fruit had gone wormy. Sacks of rice and sego had become the home of mice. Anna had carried fruit and sugar to her play house at the creek's edge. The uneaten portion of every meal had been thrown to the dogs, who were over-suited and lazy. Gloria thought of the years of poverty which she and her family had endured. She looked at the ruined flour and remembered the time she had given her mother the last slice of bread. She tried to tell the story to the children, but Rodney began to read and little Anna looked vacant and uncomprehending.

Gloria rose at five and labored until ten. She rejoiced that she had strength to serve Jonas, to make little comforts possible, to act as his bulwark against the continuous press of petty annoyances. She felt that the children would eventually come to appreciate the comforts which she added to the home. She felt that Rodney would become ashamed when she cut wood rather than ask him. She felt that before long he would appreciate the necessity of carrying the heavy buckets of water for her.

THAT spring little Peter was born. His coming brought new duties to Gloria, but his dimples and smiles were a compensation. Anna considered him a new pet, and her affections became a menace. And Gloria, looking at this marvelous creation, her first child, saw in him the power of vision, like his father; the lank, sinewy body of her brothers, and the curl of her own hair in a dark brown shade. Every night she knelt and prayed:

"God give my child his father's brains and my energy."

On Saturday night, Jonas looked more than usually preoccupied.

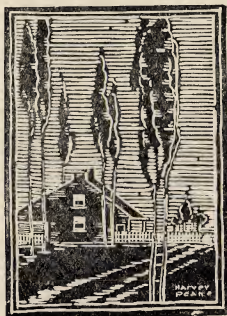
"If you will all attend," he announced as the family assembled for supper. Instantly they were all attention. "My half sister, Catherine Peesley and daughter are coming here from England. She is a widow. They have had a bare existence since the Civil War closed so many cotton mills. They will make their home with us."

"Two more women!" moaned Rodney.

The announcement of Catherine's coming was soon followed by her arrival. She was plump, short and placid. Her head was crowned by an immense twist of brown hair, her fat, dimpled hands were so white and smooth that Gloria knew they had not done much work in a cotton mill. She immediately, assumed the role of "star guest," and it was evident that her daughter Victoria waited upon her mother's slightest whim.

VICTORIA, beautiful in her well molded features, lovable in her quiet disposition, pulsing with youth, had no chance for self

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The farm work was doubled with the plowing and then trebled as Carl worked to get his crops in.



PAULA

Illustrated by
PAUL S. CLOWES

The Unfinished Song

By
RUTH M. MARSHALL

THE small village was typically pioneer. It was built mostly of reddish gray field-rock or hand-hewn logs and though the days of the pioneers were long past, the buildings still possessed a strength of purpose, a simplicity and an immeasurable courage known only to pioneers who pit their strength against new country.

The one main street of the village was lined with symmetrical rows of boxelder, ash and lombardy poplars, while over their

roots ran streams of cold mountain water. From the houses the fields, undulant with new grain, ran to the closely circling hills.

It was a restful place. The houses had grown old harboring sturdy, God-serving, home-loving people, whose personalities seemed reflected in every stick and stone. The yards were well-tended tangles of lawn, honeysuckle, moss roses and hollyhocks, while later in the summer marigolds and zinnias would add brilliant color to the gardens.

As is usual in small villages the church was the real heart of the place. To it people went with their sorrows, and there the small celebrations were held.

THIS particular village church seemed to have a benign and patriarchal attitude. It was a small, box-like building of the usual reddish-gray stone, but its raw color had faded to a restful gray. The windows, which filled both sides, were high, deep-set and small-paned. But the front door of the church was what caught the eyes of the passerby. The builder had understood the beauty of sheer simplicity. The door itself, the frame with its spreading fanlight above, might have come from some dignified New England church. The wood had been rubbed until it had a soft satiny finish, and it was surprisingly beautiful in its setting of rough stone.

As the sun reached the tops of the dark pine trees, the bell in its steeple commenced to ring with a deep, musical note that reverberated throughout the valley. Soon the villagers were entering the wide door. Small cars were being parked outside the low stone fence and even a horse and buggy was seen approaching.

As the last stragglers entered the building an expensive looking car drew up before the church and two men climbed from it. They were both past middle-age, and although one was roughly dressed, both showed signs of a greater sophistication than was usual in that particular community.

THE roughly dressed man was John Gray, a well-known writer. Two years before, feeling the need of solitude, he had left his

eastern home for a more restful one in this peaceful valley. His friend, Stephen Howard, was a famous doctor who was paying a long promised visit.

John moved lazily to the low stone wall surrounding the church. He looked back laughingly at his friend.

"I should like to know just why I am dragged away from a pleasant Sunday morning post-breakfast nap to sit on an uncomfortable stone wall."

It was Doctor Howard who spoke.

"O, don't be in such a hurry, Steve," replied his friend. "One learns to take things leisurely here."

"Yes, I suppose so. I begin to see why this place holds you, John. No wonder the things you are writing now are the best you have ever done. This place is nearer the real meaning of life than anything I've ever seen."

"Good morning, Mr. Gray."

A young couple had turned in at the gate and were waiting to be recognized by John.

He sprang to his feet and shook hands, first with the girl and then with the man.

THE girl was a little above average height with beautifully shaped shoulders and a full deep chest. Her skin was burned a creamy brown by the spring wind and sun, and above the tint of her neck and face her hair was oddly golden. Except for her eyes, which were as blue as a delphinium, her features were not beau-

tiful, but they were regular and showed depth of character. The man was several inches taller than the girl. His features were strong and rather rugged, and he moved with the ease of one whose muscles were well-trained by outdoor work.

"Mrs. Polster, may I present a very dear friend of mine from New York, Dr. Howard."

The girl shook hands with a shy smile.

"And Dr. Howard—Carl Polster. These young people are the best friends I have out here, Steve. They frequently save my life with gifts of fried chicken and fresh strawberries."

Just then the quiet notes of an organ came from the church and with a few more words the young couple hurried into the building.

DR. HOWARD turned to the car again, but he was stopped by the hand of his friend.

"Wait a few minutes. I promise that it will be worth your while."

So they sat on the stone wall waiting.

Suddenly the inexperienced country organist played the opening bars of Handel's mighty Largo.

Dr. Howard looked inquiringly at his friend.

"Wait."

Then a woman's voice took up the beautiful melody.

"Lord in Heav'n above, who ruleth us,

Giver of all blessings—"

THE voice was like a mountain stream. At times it was crystal clear—vital and powerful—leaping over all obstacles. Then it would soften to the sound of a quiet brook rippling over smooth stones where children loved to play.

Dr. Howard sat with tense muscles.

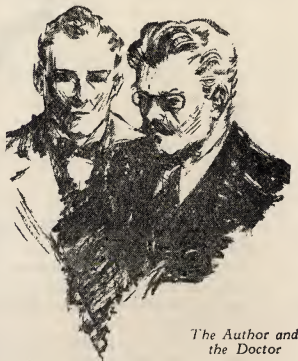
"Asking Thy mercy

In loving faith, O God,

In loving faith."

There was no sound as the last tender note, almost a whisper, died away. The whole world seemed hushed after that perfect song.

"Who?"



The Author and the Doctor

"Paula Polster, the girl you just met."

"But that voice—"

"Comes to her from deep-chested, full-throated ancestors whose race has always worshipped music."

"But, John, she shouldn't be here. Why haven't you sent her east where her voice will be heard and appreciated?"

"Do you think it isn't appreciated here? She sings every Sunday morning and I don't believe you will find a more appreciative audience anywhere in the world. Maybe they don't understand the music she sings, but that is all the more reason why they are completely carried away by the beauty of it and of her voice."

"But at most only two or three hundred people can hear her, while in New York or Chicago thousands could be thrilled with her music."

"But, you're forgetting in your zeal that—"

"Oh, no, I'm not. Every woman craves the things which that girl's voice would bring her?"

"I'm not so sure of that, in this case, Steve. Carl and Paula have been married only a year, and you could see the happiness they have found in each other."

But it was settled, finally, that John and his friend should make a trip out to the Polster farm that evening.

CARL POLSTER'S farm-house stood on a small hill from which his well-tended acres rolled smoothly in all directions. One part of the house was of stone, but recently two more rooms had been added. The mixture of the old and the new made a delightful homey combination.

As Dr. Howard saw the farm for the first time, he wondered, for just a second if it were right to separate these two young people. Because, after all, that is what it would mean.

The visitors received no answer after knocking at the front door, so they took the neatly gravelled path to the back of the house. Paula was coming toward them with a pan of eggs she had just gathered. Seeing the men she hurried forward.

The last rays of the sun struck her head and shoulders and outlined them with gold against the dark trees which stood behind her.

DR. HOWARD thought of her as she would look in a year or two if she accepted his plan. She would walk on the stage with that same ease and grace and thrill others with her glorious voice as she had thrilled him.

But John Gray thought, with sadness, of the breaking up of this perfect partnership of Carl and Paula. Yet this chance had been bound to come to her sometime, and it was as well now as later.

"It's nice of you to visit us so soon," Paula offered her hand to each of the men. "Carl will be here in a moment. He is shutting up the chickens."

SHE led the way into the house through the cheerful kitchen. The living room was in the old part of the house. The ceiling was pleasantly low, and the deep windows testified to the thickness of the stone walls. Across one end of the simply furnished room was a large fireplace, which was banked now with sprays of white lilac. Here and there a bright pillow or a bowl gave a touch of color and cheerfulness.

But Dr. Howard's eyes went at once to the old square piano which filled one corner of the room. He walked over to it and touched the yellow keys gently. The notes they gave back to him were mellow and rich with age.

"Where did this come from, Mrs. Polster? It's a beautiful thing."

Dr. Howard laid his hand on the dark, polished top as he spoke.



"From my grandfather. He brought it with him from his old home. When I was little I loved to hear him tell of the hard time he had bringing it clear out here. But he said he couldn't bear to leave it behind. It would have been like deserting one of his family."

"Did your grandfather play?"

"Oh, yes. That is another memory of my childhood. I even liked to hear him practice. His fingers ran up and down so smoothly. But when he really played I used to crawl under the piano and sit in the corner just loving the music."

"Did he teach you to sing?"

"Yes. He had been a teacher in the days before he came to this country. He had a little book with all the names and pictures of the famous people he had known and taught. He used to hold it sometimes and his eyes would look far away. Then he would play, but the music would always be soft and sad."

"Is he dead?"

"He died five years ago, when I was nineteen."

She stopped abruptly and turned to the door as her husband came in.

JOHN GRAY, looking at them, thought as he had often thought before, what a perfect couple they were—true descendants of a great race.

Carl stood with his hand on his wife's shoulder as he greeted the men.

Dr. Howard turned to him.

"I was about to ask your wife if she would sing for me. I heard her in church this morning."

So Paula sat down at the old piano and, without music, played and sang until his eyes, too, looked far away and he forgot everything but the divine beauty of her voice.

She sang the songs of Schubert, that most beautiful of song-makers, and finished by singing a plaintive little melody that was a folk-song from her grandfather's country.

As she turned from the piano Dr. Howard said,

"Mrs. Polster, have you ever thought of going east to sing?"

John noticed the quick fear that leapt into Carl's eyes.

But Paula only laughed a little and said,

"But I don't sing that well."

"Yes you do. I had John bring me out here for the sole purpose of convincing you that I know you do, and to see if I couldn't offer my services in helping you start your career. It would be an honor."

"But I'm so happy here in my home with Carl, and it would cost so much money to go away. And how can I be sure that people will like to hear me. I love to sing for my friends because they enjoy it, but I couldn't sing for everybody."

"But I feel this way, Mrs. Polster. You aren't fair to the people in the world who love music, unless you give them the opportunity of listening to you. Your voice is almost perfectly trained now and I know the man who can finish the work your grandfather started. You know this is what he would have wished for you."

PAULA looked at Carl, but the very strength of his wish to keep her with him kept him from speaking.

She turned helplessly to John.

"What shall I do?"

"I can't help you, Paula. It's your own problem. But I blame myself that I haven't warned you. Carl and I have both seen this coming."

When the two city men left late that night nothing had been decided, but Paula had promised at least to consider Dr. Howard's suggestion.

The night was a long one to John Gray. He felt the burden of decision which had been placed upon Paula and suffered silently with Carl. He knew that if things went wrong for his two friends he would always blame himself.

With morning came a message from Paula that she had decided to do as Dr. Howard wished.

THE weeks following Paula's departure were full of self-blame to John as he watched Carl go about his work half-heartedly. Paula wrote to him every week, and these letters he took to Carl to read. But Carl didn't offer his letters to the older man.

Loving her home with all her intense nature, Paula was desperately homesick at first, but gradually her letters became full of her work. She was studying with the greatest teacher in the country, and he had praised the foundation that her grandfather had laid. He thought that in a year she would be ready. In the meantime, she was practising, exercising and taking lessons in dramatic art.

Dr. Howard wrote that Carrel, the teacher, was unusually enthusiastic and was certain of her success. Carl was not to worry about the money. Paula could pay that back her first season.

THANKSGIVING passed and Christmas drew near. The village was as busy as an ant-hill. Groups of young people were decorating the church with evergreens and candles. Huge Christmas trees were dragged down from the mountains. The children could hardly contain their glee. And over it all hung the delicious fragrance of slowly-baking fruit cakes, pop-corn and roasting turkeys.

Just a week before Christmas John visited the Polster farm to find Carl packing a box for Paula. He had made the small box himself and had carved the top and

sides beautifully. It was an art with which his ancestors had been familiar and Carl had skillfully reproduced a mountain scene which they had loved. He was filling it with nut-meats from nuts he had gathered and delicious squares of crumbly maple sugar. In the very center he placed a tiny wrist watch which he had ordered from the city.

HIS eyes moistened as he spoke to John.

"I tried to think of something that would remind her of home and this is the best I could do."

"But won't it make her homesick, Carl? She had so much fun last year helping with the nuts and making the candy."

"I don't think so. From her letter today she is far from homesick. But, John, you know how I feel. I want her home, but not at the price she would have to pay for coming. She is over her homesickness now and is thrilled with the progress she is making. She is already talking of her first grand appearance next fall and trying to make me promise that I will be there—as if anything could keep me away."

"How would it be if we went together, Carl. I wouldn't miss it either!"

And Carl, who had been rather dreading his first visit east, was glad to accept John's thoughtful offer.

THE two men had planned to spend Christmas together, so early on that glittering morning John drove out to the Polster farm. Carl had decorated the house as though Paula were coming to enjoy it. He had placed a Christmas tree by the fireplace in the living room and standing under the tree was a small, delicately carved table which he had made for John. His eyes sparkled with pleasure as he saw the real appreciation with which his friend viewed the gift. John had brought him copies of two of Henry C. Williamson's books.

Paula had sent a box which contained a set of strong, delicate knives for carving for Carl, a pen and pencil set for John, and she had filled the corners with little

[Continued on page 758]



Glancing Through

Brief Summary of Magazine Articles*

By

ELSIE T. BRANDLEY

Jones—His Mother, and His Wife

By SIMEON STUNSKY

(*Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1931)

TO glimpse a little of what the machine age has done in the way of crushing America's finer feelings, we cannot do better than turn to the telegraph companies and consider the large stock of form messages which they have on hand, by means of which people can send messages without the slightest degree of mental exertion.

If Jones, for example, thinks of the approach of Mother's Day (which he needn't do, of himself, for the telegraph companies, greeting card people, florists and others have been reminding him of it in flaunting ads) he phones the company to wire form 18—the pulsating message that of all his blessings, his mother is the greatest. Simultaneously Jones' daughter, away at school, is wiring home form 19, in which she salutes the most precious of people—her mother.

For every occasion requiring expressions of affection, love, regret, condolence, gaiety, gravity or sentimentality, the telegraph company is sparing the American citizen the painful necessity of arranging ten to fifty words.

It is a pitiful fact, boding ill for the spiritual and intellectual integrity of a nation, this canning of heart throbs. It is like the professional letter writers of the Orient and the far east, who sit in the market place and for a price guess what inarticulate mothers want to say to their sons, and wives to their husbands, and say it for them; and at that they are not as far away from the original source as are the composers of Western Postal's form 55, expressing love to someone they have never seen from someone else whom they have never seen. The one great difference is that the patrons of the public scribe cannot read nor write, while the patrons of form 55 can do both, being educated and entirely capable.



Writing may be a task to these patrons, for the gift of free, easy expression is not given to everyone. Emotional reticence is almost universal, a fact upon which the Western Postal idea of standardized messages is based, and to their credit it must be said that parents and children receive declarations of love and devotion, via the formula, which would go unexpressed otherwise. People won't always write, but that they can write is proven by the missives which appear in court from time to time, in which lovesick persons have, to their sorrow, set down incredibly banal sentimentalities. And fifty years before Americans were standardized into telegraphic form messages, people did write letters to one another.

Another phase of standardization in America, one which has challenged the wonder and analysis of visitors to our country, is the "mother-cult," the widespread consideration for the women of the country. It is an American code that every prize-fighter goes into the ring for the wife and kiddies; that the same inspiration prompts the bacteriologist in his search for organisms, and the aviator in his attempt to break the altitude record. If these men are unmarried, then it is the old mother in the whitewashed cottage at home who has spurred them

on. If a Nobel prize-winner forgets to mention his mother, the reception committee, the publicity agent, the newspaper reporter or someone else will remind him to speak of her. And it has even been hinted in American newspapers that Einstein discovered Relativity for the sake of his women-folks.

Given these amiable lunacies, it cannot be denied that the idea needs the touch of the lighter satirists which has been bestowed upon it; and who can object to the pleasant suggestion of the humorist to the effect that Mother's Day is connected with the Florists' Association and the candy companies, just as Father's Day is not frowned upon by the neck-tie manufacturers, the Old Home Week finds no enemies among the railroads and bus companies. But, joking aside, it is quite reasonable that thoughtful persons should wonder why Americans make more fuss of their mothers and wives than do other nations. The answer might be that 9 out of every 10 women in America do their own housework, thus keeping their families closer to them than would otherwise be the case. In England 8 out of every 10 families with incomes of \$2500 a year keep a servant to whom much of the care of the children is delegated, while in America the mother gives the children personal care—bathing them, reading to them and putting them to bed. The American child sees a great deal more of its mother than does the European child of the same class. And, in this country, a child who leaves its mother for the schoolroom is likely to have a woman teacher, instead of a "master."

The national respect for women has a sound basis in sociology and economics, and besides, there are two million more males than females in the United States. When the country fills up and the male surplus is cut down; when America grows richer and nurses and governesses take over the training of children, there will perhaps, come a change in the country's attitude toward women. But so long as it is what it is, the American man will delight in telling the American woman so—in his chosen way. He may say it with flowers,

*Used by permission of publishers.

telegram or candy; he may have been reminded by the ads and the Western Postal Telegraph Union, but the urge is his own.

Just Back From "Paradise"

By FRANCES CRANE

(For August, 1931)

THERE'S something funny about the way I became a patriot, for it was under conditions which really might be expected to create the most howling sort of ex-patriot. I was living abroad, without the slightest idea of being a patriot. I was in London, not even trying to be a patriot—it required all my effort to try to keep warm—but suddenly one evening, in a flash, I knew I was a patriot.

It happened at a meeting of the Fabian Society, where hundreds of us had assembled to become edified through listening to a woman deliver a lecture on a subject entirely foreign to the subject she was scheduled to discuss. She must have surprised even herself a little when she began to talk about the U. S. A. She had been to New York, you see, and so knew all about America.

First she began to talk about the mistakes made in and by the United States; about the criminal courts and how susceptible they were to the attractive murderesses out there, and how in one case in which the murderess was particularly fascinating, the jury foreman read the verdict "not guilty" and then asked for the prisoner's telephone number.

That case might have been true, but this audience seemed to take it so seriously, and to consider it so typical of all legal procedure in the States, that I found myself suddenly turning patriot. It's little things like that which makes patriots. I heard another woman say that an article in the London Times, pointing out the differences between the Al Smith and the Hoover families, did the same thing to her. Another American friend was made into a patriot, because at a big ball game at which the King was guest of honor, four-thirty p. m. arrived just at the beginning of the ninth inning, and the score was tied; and the King, with all dignity, arose and left the game to get his tea!

It is very comfortable to be a patriot when you're abroad, and you get a great deal of satisfaction from it. But there is a disquieting thing about it afterward. When you come back to America, everyone seems to expect you to turn immediately into an ex-patriot. I know they do, for they have asked me, in bored voices, as soon as I have stepped off the boat, if I don't find it pretty bad to be back. And I don't. The customs man is awfully nice—he even helps shift baggage, a

thing European customs men would never think of doing. And the taxi is warm! Isn't that lovely? Material, perhaps, but Paris and London are material too, and it is nice to be in a warm atmosphere of American materialism. And then the drink question! Of course there isn't much to be said in favor of that in America, but neither is there anywhere else.

The fact of the matter is that it has become a general practice among Americans to complain about everything American. One asked me if I didn't find Christmas at home dreadful, and then admitted that the only Christmas he had spent abroad was on top of an English bus, in the rain.

I like it here at home, but nobody believes me when I say so, and everyone is disappointed in me for saying so when I've had three good years abroad in which to become an ex-patriot. Can't I find fault with things here? What about racketeering? Well, of course, we didn't invent that. It's an old game. What about the crime question; and the depression? Well, of course, we might be able to solve our crime problem if we had the London police force, for you doubtless know that if everyone in London stayed indoors except the policemen, the streets would be thronged with a dense, navy-blue crowd. And as for depression, England has had nothing else since 1914.

But I do like to be agreeable, so perhaps I'd better start harking back on the joys of Paradise, for people seem to expect it.

Scents That Make Dollars

By GOVE HAMBIDGE

(World's Work for August, 1931)

AN advertising agency not long ago sent out a questionnaire in which they asked a great many people to list what to them were the world's most objectionable odors. Reversing the order of the classification, which gave the most unpleasant first, the following lists were made up:

44 ODORS IN ORDER OF THEIR POPULARITY	
With Men	With Women
1. Pine	Rose and lily-of-the-valley
2. Lilac	Lilac and pine
3. Rose	Balsam
4. Violet	Coffee
5. Coffee	Strawberry
6. Cedar and balsam	Raspberry
7. Wintergreen	Violet
8. Peppermint and lily-of-the-valley	Cedar
9. Chocolate	Pineapple
10. Carnation	Apple and vanilla
11. Orange	Wintergreen, chocolate, and carnation
12. Strawberry	Orange and cinnamon
13. Vanilla	Lavender
14. Raspberry	Clove and peppermint
15. Pineapple	Peach
16. Lemon, maple and tobacco	Lemon
17. Lavender and menthol	Grape
18. Canteloupe and cinnamon	Canteloupe
19. Peach	Peach
20. Grape	Tea
21. Witch-hazel and heliotrope	Jasmine and heliotrope
22. Honey	Camphor
23. Alcohol	Menthol and nutmeg
24. Cider	Witch-hazel and honey
25. Clove	Caraway
26. Camphor	Cider
27. Nutmeg	Alcohol
28. Smoked meat and jasmine	Sage
29. Caraway and tar	Tar
30. Tea	Tobacco
31. Sarsaparilla	Smoked meats and sauerkraut
32. Sage	Sarsaparilla
33. Sauerkraut	Charred wood
34. Gasoline	Gasoline and vinegar
35. Onion	Onion
36. Turpentine	Fish
37. Charred wood	Turpentine
38. Fish and vinegar	Kerosene
39. Olive oil	Olive oil
40. Kerosene	Rubber
41. Rubber	Lard
42. Lard	Garlic
43. Garlic	Perspiration
44. Perspiration	

[Continued on page 731]



Beauty in the Home

By

LUTIE H. FRYER

*Professor of Home Economics
University of Utah*



An example of an object well suited to its purpose.

Good Taste

Editors' note: This is the first of a series of articles by Mrs. Fryer.



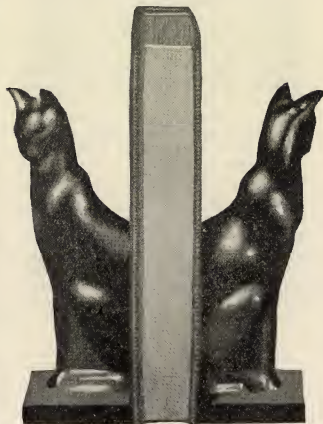
This is a mere statement of a cat to be used as a door stop.

WOMAN'S innate love for the beautiful is finding new expression in the home. Never before in the history of the world has there been such keen interest shown in Interior Decoration.

The reception hall no longer is merely a place for wraps and umbrellas, but is fast taking its place as a fitting introduction to the home. The gloomy parlor, used only when company came, has become the living room which is really livable. Bedrooms are evolving into expressions of individuality. Color has invaded the kitchen and bathroom and is transforming them into places of beauty.

There is no mystic secret in the producing of beautiful interiors. It is merely a problem of good taste. Unfortunately very few people are born with this rare gift but it is comforting and encouraging to know that it can be acquired through a little study.

TASTE is molded largely by the things which surround one, and the family taste is trained by the many objects in the home which have been purchased by the home-maker. While no scientific study has been made to determine the effect of the decoration of a room on tempers, moods, health, and general well-being yet the effect of our surroundings is not to be underestimated, especially where children are concerned, for children are pliable and impressionable and are easily affected. Adults may the better withstand environment but even they, to a certain extent, are influenced. It is, therefore, the religious obligation



Two cats somewhat conventionalized to be used as book ends.

of every home to set high standards of beauty. This is becoming recognized and there is a growing demand for information that will help the home maker to become a more intelligent buyer and to teach her how to use what she already has on hand to the best advantage. For the sake of economy as well as beauty, it is of the greatest importance that every home should express good taste.

What Is Good Taste?

GOOD taste, in the field of art, is the application of the principles of design to any problem where beauty and utility are considered. Good taste is based on reason, not on emotion and

for that reason must not be confused with individual preference or fancy. All such problems as the selection of floor coverings, wall paper, draperies, furniture, pictures, and other objects used in the house can be solved by the application of the fundamental art principles to the structure of objects and their decoration.

In these articles which are to compose a course in Interior Decoration, we shall analyse these fundamental art principles which lie at the root of all the furnishing and beautifying of the home. This creating of a beautiful environment is called "Interior Decoration," or "Interior Design," and is by no means the result of guess work. It is secured by the application of five definite principles of design, which are proportion, balance, harmony, rhythm, and emphasis.

Before we discuss the fundamental principles of design, it will be necessary for us to understand design.

What Is Design?

GOOD design, whether expressed in a building, a chair or a piece of pottery, has enduring qualities and will outlast the fashion or fad of the hour. By design is meant the orderly arrangement of the materials used, thus producing beauty in the finished product. There are two kinds of designs—structural and decorative. Structural design is the design made by the size and general shape of an ob-

ject while decorative design means the surface enrichment of the structural design through the addition of lines, color, or materials.

Structural design is far more important than decorative design because it is essential to every object, while decorative design may be termed the "luxury" of design.

Good Structural Design

NOW how can we recognize good structural design when we see it? It is well to ask oneself the fol-



The decorative design on this cup and saucer has been conventionalized, and emphasizes structural design.

lowing questions before passing judgment. Is the object suited to its purpose? For example, does your chocolate pot or pitcher have a good steady base, or does it look as though it were going to tip over easily and send the contents flooding across the table? Does it pour well or does it drip at the lip? Is the handle comfortable to take hold of?

Is the chair that you are contemplating buying comfortable to sit in, or does it have an ornament or a curve that sticks into your back at the wrong place? A lounging chair is perfectly comfortable when used as such, but the most luxurious easy chair in the world is unsuitable for a dining chair. The



This figure of a cat is too naturalistic to serve as a chocolate or tea pot for which it was designed.

point to be considered is, for what use are you buying the chair? The function of an object, then, must not be lost sight of in determining its merit.



The decorative design on this plate is of more importance than structural design. It is also too realistic.

The second quality to notice is its beauty of outline or contour. Is your chair, cup, or vase simple and graceful in outline, or is it fussy and disturbing?

The next point to look for in determining beauty of structure is proportion. This is a most important point and one which will take a whole lesson to discuss. Suffice it to say here that the chair which measures the same distance from the floor to the seat as from the seat to the top of the back is not as interesting as a chair with unequal proportions. Objects that appear to be divided into equal parts lack a certain interest.

The fourth thing to look for is suitability of material. This means, is your object made of material which is rightly used for that purpose? Pillows which are to be used to rest the head on should not be made of ostrich plumes or beautiful velvets. Fly swatters should not be buttonholed around the edge or embroidered in yarns.



A cream pitcher which is too ornate in structural design, and would be impossible to keep clean.

Here, then, are four points to remember which will help us to recognize good structural design:

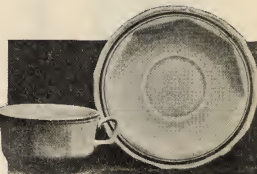
1. Each object must be suited to its purpose.
2. It should be simple and graceful in contour.

3. The proportions should be interesting.

4. It must be suited to the material from which it is made.

Decorative Design

NOW we are ready to think of the other type of design—that is, beauty of ornament or decorative design. To translate this into simpler terms, we may say that decorative design means simply to make more beautiful this structure that we have been talking about.



An inexpensive cup and saucer where-in decoration is less important than structure.

When we place a bouquet of flowers in the center of the dining table, we are using decorative design. When we put curtains at the window, we are using decorative design. Now, there are laws which govern the use of decorative design just the same as there are laws which help us to know good structural design.

First of all, make sure that the object which is to be decorated is worthy of decoration. A tin plate or a rolling pin needs no decoration.

The second point is that decoration should be used in moderation. It should be less important than structure.

Another quality to remember is decoration should accent structure. Now, that seems a simple phase, but it is full of possibilities for mistakes. When we place a square doily cat-cornered on a square table, we have placed our decoration contrary to the



A cream pitcher too realistic to be suited to its purpose.

lines of structure. When we place a rug, a couch, or a large piece of furniture cat-cornered in a room, we have placed them contrary to the structural lines instead of emphasizing them.

Two Kinds of Decorative Design

THERE are two kinds of decorative design: one kind is based on geometric forms; the other, and much more common, is based on natural forms such as plants and flowers—for example, the lotus column of Egypt and the honeysuckle of Greece. In spite of the fact that nature is beautiful, these natural forms must be used in such a way that they will be related to the size and shape—that is, to the structure of the article on which they are to be used. This means rearranging these various natural forms and applying them to the problem.

After this rearrangement has taken place, we say that the design has been conventionalized. The less cultivated our taste is, the more naturalistic we like our decorative design; but through study we learn to recognize more beauty in conventionalized designs.

The purpose of ornament is to beautify useful forms. No matter what the problem may be, whether it is the decoration on a plate, a vase, or a room, the following requirements should be kept in mind:

1. The object should be worthy of decoration.
2. Decoration should be used in moderation.
3. The decoration should accent structural design.
4. The decoration should be related in shape and size to the structural design of the project.

Summary

NOW for the sake of clearness let us summarize our first lesson.

- I. Every home should reflect good taste because of the effect on the general well being of those who live there.
- II. Good taste is based on reason and can be acquired.
- III. By good taste is meant the application of the five fundamental principles of design to any problem of art.
- IV. There are two kinds of design: structural and decorative.
- V. Good structural design depends on fitness to purpose, beauty of shape and proportion, and the suitability of material.
- VI. The purpose of decorative design is to accent and beautify structural design.
- VII. There are two kinds of decorative design: geometrical and natural.

There are several things in this lesson worthy of remembering. Go over it carefully, study the illustrations and their descriptions. This will enable each one to see wherein she has made mistakes in the selection of various objects. Everybody makes mistakes;

but through the application of these principles and those set forth in the following lessons, we will be able to achieve new beauty as well as to find hidden beauty in many of the possessions we already have which will help to develop a greater appreciation for the beautiful.

Objective Test

This test is given in the form of true or false statements. If you think it is correct write "yes" at the end. If you think it is false, write "no" at the end. Do not write anything except "yes" or "no."

1. Good taste can be cultivated.
2. Structure is less important than ornament.
3. An object must be suited to its purpose.
4. Decoration should have no relation to structure.
5. Geometric designs are not good.
6. Natural forms are better when somewhat conventionalized.
7. All articles are improved by decoration.

8. The more nearly like nature designs are the better they are.

9. There should always be an impression of reserve in decoration.

10. A square center piece should never be placed cat-a-cornered on a square table.

11. Couches and other large pieces of furniture should be placed against the wall and never cat-a-cornered in the room.

12. Taste is molded, to a very large extent, by the things which surround one.

13. Rugs should always be placed lengthwise or crosswise of a room, never cat-a-cornered.

14. A bunch of flowers on one side of a plate or cup is good decorative design, because it suggests the structural design.

15. The decoration of a round plate should suggest a circle.

In the November number correct answers will be given to this test, so that the thoughtful reader may check her answers and see how nearly perfect her score is.

Glancing Through

Continued from
page 728

The fact that rubber came among the most unpopular five odors, gave rubber manufacturers something of a shock. True, rubber has its own personal odor, and it is undeniably something of a strong one, but rubber men, and dealers in galoshes, raincoats and rubber tires will not admit that it is an unpleasant odor. They grow to like it, for it has been with them through years of success and failure, prosperity and adversity, and they consider it a friend. Last December, when, at a dinner of rubber men they were given rubber bands, stands for water glasses, etc., and they discovered that instead of the old familiar odor, the fragrance of rose and lilac assailed their nostrils, great was their surprise. Science had succeeded in displacing the odor of rubber with something much more agreeable.

The question of the sales-value of pleasant aromas is a pressing one today. There is no doubt that color has its effect—certain shades sell much more rapidly than others. Form has its place too, as new modernistic furniture and architecture prove. And now, what about odors? It can't be said that smell is unimportant, as the skunk, in spite of his good looks and nice color proves. On the other hand consider the ocean, and the forest of pine. Would either be so attractive without the particular smell of clean salt and spicy wood which are a part of them? If odor is so persuasive a salesman in nature, why shouldn't it be in business? Perhaps it is, and always has been, but manufacturers are just beginning to see it and they are doing one of two things

about it—trying to eliminate objectionable odors or cover them up.

In the manufacture of paint, for example, it has been discovered that many of the most unpleasant odors can be left out by using other materials in place of the ones which smell the worst. In the manufacture of paper the same thing is true; and in soap, when low-grade fats were used, but through the use of perfectly fresh fats, the unpleasantly rancid smell in soap has disappeared.

In cases where this simple remedial measure is not possible, the addition of a strongly pleasant odor will frequently neutralize necessarily objectionable ones. Dr. Eric Kunz, one of the officials in a well-known perfume house, says that chemistry has made it possible practically to control the scent of any product without materially increasing its cost. By discovering the scents which blend with the foundation odor, less need be used, and costs are thus kept down.

In a New York theater, perfumes are blown through the ventilating system, making the air fragrant. And the odor is changed every week. Leather, glue, medicines, fabrics, linoleum and many other things are coming in for a study of ways in which their odors might be made pleasant. And studies are also being made to find out how many people are odor-conscious. Out of every ten people, two or three are "odor-blind" a few are quite susceptible and two or three very sensitive. Does this prove it worth trying to increase sales-appeal through smell?

The Right Thing at All Times

By
Adah R. Naylor



I. The Etiquette Book

ARE you among those who consider rules of etiquette "foolishness," and when confronted by social emergencies blunder your way through "the awkward moment?"

Can you introduce a friend or an acquaintance to a group of people with grace and ease?

Are you sure that your table manners are correct?

Do you know, that to be able to do a thing correctly, is quite as important as to be able to do it at all?

Do you ever stop seriously to consider the individual rights of your friends and the members of your family?

Do you know that a book on etiquette by a well

known social leader has been among the "best sellers" for the past six years?

If you consult a dictionary for correct pronunciation and spelling of words, why not consult a book of etiquette for correct rules of deportment?

If not guilty of the errors suggested in the above questions the chances are, that you do not need to "look to your manners."

Good Manners

MANY people feel that to "acquire manners" is to become artificial. Yet manners, good or bad, are not born with us, but are among the many things we begin acquiring the moment we are born and continue to acquire on through our childhood, our youth and even our old age.

To be sure, the essential thing in life is to build a fine and honorable character and develop a right attitude of mind toward all mankind, but we should also learn that life is a *game* we all must play, and that certain standardized rules of conduct must be followed if we are to live with ease, and mingle pleasantly with our fellowmen.

The complex life of today has brought about new standards of living, which in turn have brought about some modifications and additions to the old rules of behavior, but fundamentally they remain the same, since they are based on the cardinal virtue—*consideration of others*.

Etiquette in America

THE American pioneer had a genuine dislike for the term *etiquette* and all that it was thought to imply. The difficult task of subduing a wilderness—building settlements, discovering and developing the natural resources of a great unexplored country left no time or need for the "niceties" of life. But as the various sections of the country were colonized there were gradually formed unwritten codes of behavior, which were recognized and followed. Conduct toward neighbors, and deportment in the life and affairs of the community were the fundamental things which were regulated. In the North a terse brevity of speech and in the West an abrupt gruffness was thought to denote a certain integrity, and honesty of purpose, and the person who acquired a "fine polished manner" was looked upon with suspicion, especially if he hailed from "foreign parts."

The early American drama pictured the villain as a suave, kid-gloved gentleman, who worked out his wicked plans under a cloak of fine manners, and for the first two acts, at least, gave the awkward but honest village boy a bad time.

IN the small community all lived on a neighborly footing and every life was an open book. There was no chance and little need of deception; social events were few and contacts with the outside world were seldom made. But small communities soon grew into towns—and the towns suddenly became cities—railroads extended themselves from coast to coast, and then Henry Ford put America on wheels and everybody went visiting.

Following the invention of the gasoline engine, great industrial centers sprang into being. Wages were increased and working hours decreased. Money and leisure, hitherto unknown, became the possession of the great mass of the people. More and more women entered into the commercial world; factory-prepared foods and ready-made clothing, added to her leisure hours and standardized living. The length of the skirt, the tilt of the hat, and the brand of breakfast food are now the same East and West and in every hamlet and city in America, the Saturday Post is everywhere sold on Thursday. Much that was quaint and picturesque has been discarded and sectional lines are fast disappearing.

The new mode of living found thousands of people bewildered and uncomfortable for train travel, hotel life, daily contact with strangers—were all new experiences. Out of these experiences has come a desire, an eagerness for training in correct deportment in order that new living conditions may be met without embarrassment. Etiquette teachers are now the vogue and publishing houses, ever sensitive to the public need, are printing millions of books on "good manners" each year. The great demand for these books shows that America has suddenly awakened to find herself "etiquette-minded."

Service

IN the commercial world a new meaning has been given to the word *service*. The new industrial era brought about intensive business competition, and increased the

rivalry of cities. Strangers within our gates are no longer viewed with suspicion, but are greeted and made welcome. At the entrance of many cities huge signs are erected, inviting you to enter; committees are selected to point out the advantages the city has to offer; friendly contacts are made and the business man finds graciousness, poise and tact an indispensable part of his equipment.

The requirements of the *worker*, too, have changed. Business houses, hotels, gas stations and public utilities all school their employees in the line of *Service*. In sections of the country where the tourist

trade is one of the main assets, the chief requirement of the oil station man or a "vender of goods" is a "nice manner." There must be a willingness to serve that goes beyond the delivery of the goods bought and paid for. They must be able to suggest points of interest to be visited, and give road directions; they must be friendly, not to a point of intrusion, but interested enough to see that the traveler's needs are met. And for this courtesy extended, courtesy is returned—there is a new attitude on the part of those served toward those who serve. Morals and manners are closely allied.

President Heber J. Grant—Continued from page 703

questions his sincerity—always aggressive for the truth, always militant for righteousness. In his inspired moods he has a thrilling, passionate earnestness about his preaching that springs from the deepest convictions. The Gospel of the Master has always been his inspiration and his guide. It is a practical reality with him, reaching into the details of his daily life. "Mormonism" as revealed in his life is not a doctrine in cold storage, it is not some abstract thing, it means action, not diction, a way of life, not just a glorious theory. He never preaches any doctrine that he does not first practice.

The depth and tenderness of heart is best revealed in his attitude toward his mother and his family. His affection for his mother was beautiful. In this he has given an example of filial devotion which will shine forever as a proof of his nobility. His mother was worthy of the love he so tenderly bestowed upon her. If a boy ever had reason to be proud of a widowed mother, he had, and he was. Nor is his devotion to his family less beautiful.

HIS present wife, Augusta Winters Grant, possesses much the same unflinching serenity as the President's mother possessed. She won the enduring affection of his motherless children, to whom she has always given the same loving consideration that she has bestowed upon her own daughter.

Her temperament and training have enabled her almost perfectly to complement his life. Without apparent effort she has in every

way sustained the dignity of his great office as President of the Church.

He has no surviving sons, but nine brilliant and accomplished daughters, one deceased, who reflect in their lives the ability and capacity of their father for doing major things. They are all married and their husbands are able and exemplary men. These women understand the fine art of home-making, their homes are the centers of culture and refinement from which radiate those intangible influences which make the world secure and beautiful.

A deep and flawless faith has not only inspired him to great endeavor but sustained him in every vicissitude of life. When his head was bowed with sorrow over the loss of his only boys, when his heart strings were wrung with anguish over the death of his beloved companions, no murmur escaped his lips—he is indeed a *man of faith*.

THERE is an impregnable honesty, an intrinsic love of truth and justice about President Grant that makes sham and pretense impossible. No spectrum analysis of his character could reveal a trace of deception. He is sound to the center. His life is an open book, a record of service to others.

Noble in appearance, dignified in manner, clear in his thinking, courageous in his convictions, kind and sympathetic toward the unfortunate, magnificent in his generosity, supreme in his continuity, gentle towards all women and little children, he is indeed a *real man*.

To A Son

By Grant Redford

A CHILD lies in its father's arms
and sleeps and dreams.
And from the even breathing deep and
slow, secure,
The father formulates his schemes—and
reads the evening news.

Unconscious, though it is, the plans are
sung to him
Who lies asleep, and dreams through
years, of towers built
Sky-high by dad—so strong and trim
they twinkle with the stars!

Those plans will consummate in sweat and
blood spilled free,
And calloused hands worn rough and
brown. But every sod
That's cut, and stone that's moved will
be for him to have.

For he, the builder, soon will die.
And dying, live
In steel and stone wrought strong in love.
for him who sleeps
And dreams; accomplishments to give his
name a monument!

Boyhood Memories

By Maurice Cole

OH, to be a boy again, roamin' down
the lane,
A-splashin' through the puddles
Left there by the rain—
Toes a-ticklin' in the sand, 'tis a joyful
pain—
Wishin' I'm a boy again, roamin' down
the lane.

Oh, to be a boy again, in the wildwood
deep,
Feet a-swishin' through the leaves,
Lookin' at the sweep
Of stately beech and elm limbs—loving it
a heap—
Oh, to be a boy again, in the wildwood
deep.

Oh, to be a boy again, on a country road,
Creek a-runnin' at the side—
Fern and grass abode,
Horses drinkin' at the ford, restin' from
the load—
Oh, to be a boy again on a country
road.

Oh, to be a boy again, pleasure that I'd
take
In being just a youngster
A-swimmin' in the lake—
Water clear as clear c'n be, ripplin' in
my wake—
Oh, to be a boy again, a-swimmin'
in the lake.

I Wonder

By Elsie C. Carroll

I WONDER if you know
How every day I wake
To find an empty world
Because you're gone?

I wonder if you know
How hard I try to make
The emptiness seem less
With smile and song?

I wonder if you know
That even as I sing
And as I try to smile
My heart breaks on?

I wonder if you know
That time can never fill
The void within my soul
Now you are gone?

Fidelity

By Florence D. Cummings

YON mountain is a woman tall,
The sky her lover true;
She lays her head upon his breast.
Against his coat of blue.

She often has a fleecy scarf
Bound loosely 'round her hair;
Perhaps she draws a floating veil
Across her features fair.

Her gown is gorgeous, many-hued,
Whose vibrant colors glow;
Her breasts are mounds of snow, pure
white,
That through her draperies show.

She wears her lover's diamonds
Twined in her hair at night;
Anon a silver crescent crown
Upon her brow shines bright.

Though at her feet, a mirror vast
Reflects her many charms,
She never bends her head to look,
Nor leaves her lover's arms.

October Leaves

By Beatrice Ekman

WHEN down the mountain trails
October's breeze
Sweeps through the trees with chill upon
her breath,
The slender aspen and the maple leaves
Change their green hue for a more radiant
dress
Their yesterdays of Summer time are done
And nights of biting frost their verdure
sears.
They drop into the ages leaf by leaf
To rest in dust through the relentless
years
... May not the memory of the nesting
birds
That mated in their cool and sheltering
shade
And twittered at the dawn ... content
their rest?
May not the memory of the harvest moon
Sailing high through clouds ... trailed
by a star ...
Remain with leaves that gave their beau-
tys' best
When they quiescent lie ... in somber
dress?

Hallowe'en

By Leone E. McCune

THE night is black,
The clouds hang low,
The moon is hid,
The wind doth blow.

The shutters creak,
The night birds cry,
And ghostly forms,
Stand hovering nigh.

White faces leer,
At window panes,
And bats dart by,
Thro' pouring rain.

Then the moon comes out,
And the shadows creep,
From garden walls,
And the wind doth sleep.

Summer Heart

By Blanche K. McKay

ALAS, I have a summer heart,
And snow is here.
Harebells dancing in the sun,
Gossamer blue, like a dream half spun;
Foam-tossed, sun-mad, hoyden stream
Prancing, two green hills between;
Tender-fingered Junetide breeze comes
smiling on—
Alack. Can it be true that these are gone?
Slippery pavements, slushy, sleek;
Sleet that wets and chills and dulls;
Red-eyed homes that blink into the storm.
But I see the swallow skim the silent lake.
And hear the mourning dove's sad call
Soft that silence break—
Bringing life to things long dead—
Things that once were dear.
Alas, I have a summer heart,
And snow is here!



PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

All Melchizedek Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Council of the Twelve;
and all Aaronic Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.

The Lord Says—Tobacco is not good for man, but for bruises and sick cattle.

Why Priesthood At All?

CAN any one, without the Priesthood, pray and have his prayers answered? Or receive the Holy Ghost, with its gifts and manifestations?

The answer is Yes. Men, women and children who do not hold the Priesthood have had their prayers answered millions of times in the history of Christianity the world over and in the history of this dispensation. Men, women and children also receive the Holy Ghost after baptism through the laying on of hands.

May one have revelations and visions of heavenly beings, without the Priesthood?

Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery did so. In May, 1829, John the Baptist appeared to them, and that was before either of them had been ordained. It was John, in fact, who conferred

the Priesthood upon them. This function of having visions, of course, was exceptional in their case.

If, then, one may pray, may have his prayers answered, may have the Holy Ghost bestowed upon him, and may exercise many of its gifts, without holding any Priesthood, what is the place of Priesthood on the earth?

Chiefly Priesthood functions in connection with organization. That is, the greatest need of Priesthood is where there is a service to be performed to others besides ourselves.

Whenever you do anything for, or in behalf of, someone else, you must have the right to do so. If you are to sell property belonging to another, you must have his permission. If you wish to admit an alien to citizenship in our government, you cannot act

without having been commissioned to do so by the proper authority.

Now, a religious organization, or the Church, is in the last analysis a matter of service. You baptize someone, or you confirm him, or you administer to him in case of sickness, or you give him the Sacrament or the Priesthood, or you preach the Gospel to him—what is this but performing a service?

Now, when it comes to earthly power to perform a definite service, we call it the power of attorney in the case of acting legally for someone else, or the court and the judge where it is a question of acting for the government.

But in the Church of Christ this authority to act for others is known as Priesthood.

Looking Ahead

THE Liberty Stake, which is in Salt Lake City, like some other stakes in the Church, has the idea that to do is better than to know what were good to be done, as Shakespeare puts it.

And so, in all the twelve wards of the stake, one of the priests makes a short talk on a religious topic at every Sacramental service. No matter what the program may be otherwise, some priest is almost sure to give an address of from ten to fifteen minutes.

The speaker chooses his own subject; he works it up himself usually, although sometimes he avails himself of the aid of someone whose experience in public speaking might prove helpful.

Since there are in all exactly six hundred and eight priests in the entire stake, this would make an average per ward of almost fifty-one. And since there are about forty Sundays in a year, when Sacramental services are held, each priest would have a turn at speaking almost once a year.

Now, the priest's duty—or at least, one of his duties—is “to preach, teach, expound, exhort,” as well as to baptize and administer the Sacrament. That is what the *Doctrine and Covenants* says. But preaching the Gospel is the duty of the elder and the seventy, too.

Therefore, when the priest is given

an opportunity to preach in the ward to which he belongs, he is preparing himself for the ministry abroad and at home, when he shall have been made an elder in the Church.

The boys who give these talks do their work well. So at least those who listen think. And they enjoy it also. At any rate, most of them do.

Find the Answers to These Questions

- (1) Who is the president of your stake? Who are his counselors?
- (2) What relation is there between the bishopric of the ward and the presidency of the stake?



The brook on the Joseph Smith farm, in Manchester, N. Y., where the first baptisms were performed.

A Prophet Can be a Hero

IT was in 1839. Joseph Smith was on his way to the national capital, to see what he could do to obtain redress for the wrongs his people had received at the hands of mobs in Missouri. The Saints were then living in Nauvoo, Illinois, on the banks of the Mississippi.

The Prophet rode in a stage coach, drawn by four horses. This was the only way you could then go from Illinois to Washington—unless you went horseback, or by foot, and you would hardly like to do that.

In the stage were a number of other persons, also on their way to the cap-

ital. Among the number was a member of Congress, who was returning to his work as one of the lawmakers.

As the coach proceeded along near the chief city, the driver, on a sudden, felt as if he wanted a drink. So he stopped the vehicle and went into what was known as a "tavern," leaving the rest in the coach.

Something frightened the animals, and they went dashing down the road at full gallop.

The consternation of the passengers may easily be imagined. They were terror-stricken. The men shouted, the women screamed, and every one

felt that his time had come, as we say.

All but the "Mormon" prophet. He never lost his head, no matter what the cause, in a situation like this.

He moved from where he sat to the door of the carriage, opened it gingerly, climbed round the side of the coach till he reached the driver's seat, took hold of the reins and stopped the horses before they had done any damage to property or life.

Then he turned the coach round and drove back to the tavern, where the coachman was still at his beer.

Field Notes

AARONIC Priesthood Outing—St. George West Ward: We learn from Bishop W. C. Cox that a successful outing of the Aaronic Priesthood was held on July 17th at the Cascades where 25 members of the Aaronic Priesthood and the bishopric went for a swim. After the swim a wiener roast was enjoyed and the trip brought the bishopric and the boys in closer contact than they have ever been before.

Cache Stake—Aaronic Priesthood Organization.—Chairman Luther M. Winsor of the Stake Priesthood Committee outlines the method being followed in an effort to stimulate greater interest in Aaronic Priesthood activities among the boys of that stake, as follows:

"Our newly organized Stake Committee recognizes the fact that Lesser Priesthood work must send out such an appeal or such a challenge that the boys will want to be affiliated with their respective quorums, because of what such association will mean to them as well as for the sake of duty.

"As a means to this end we have outlined in detail the various activities for members of each quorum and have given each activity a rating in points so that each boy may receive credit every month in proportion to his participation in quorum activities. This introduces an element of competition and friendly rivalry to which boys in their teens respond very readily. We are endeavoring to impress the members with the fact that healthy and active response to the call of the Priesthood and participation in its activities bring their own reward. As a further stimulus, however, to greater response, we are offering special rewards for accomplishment. The first prize offered is a trip to the new migratory bird sanctuary now being completed at the mouth of Bear River, on the borders of Great Salt Lake, 25

miles southwest of Brigham City. This project is being built by the National Government at an expense of \$350,000. Boys who make a rating of eighty out of a possible one hundred points for each of two months in succession are eligible for this trip without expense to themselves. The trip over the project is to be made by auto and by motor boat.

"On the return trip we plan to have a late afternoon supper followed by a Priesthood conference around a camp fire, at a suitable location in the hills.

"This trip was planned for the month of June, but conditions on the refuge were not suitable at that time.

"Following is a list of the thirteen activities for each quorum together with the rating which has been assigned to each activity:

PRIESTS

Activity	Points
1. Attendance at quorum meeting	25
2. Payment of tithing	25
3. Observance of Word of Wisdom	25
4. Attendance at Sacrament meeting	4
5. Speaker at Sacrament or other meeting	5



Logan Ninth Ward Aaronic Priesthood at Bear Lake.

6. Ward teaching	5
7. Preparation and delivery of lesson assignment	5
8. Attendance at stake Priesthood meeting	1
9. Offering prayer in public	1
10. Assisting with Sacrament	1
11. Assisting at baptisms	1
12. Special assignment performed	1
13. Voluntary aid to sick or needy	1
Total	100

TEACHERS

Same as priests.

DEACONS

Same as priests except for activity number 6. Deacons assist with fast offering instead of with ward teaching.

It will be observed that attendance at quorum meetings, payment of tithing and observance of Word of Wisdom are activities, which are being stressed during 1931. This is done for the purposes: First, the boy cannot function properly as a quorum member unless he attends his Priesthood meetings; second, we believe that the habit of tithe-paying should be acquired while young; third, the boy who smokes or drinks soon drifts away from his quorum and finally away from active affiliation with the Church.

It will also be noted that a boy cannot fail in any of these three activities and make his required eighty-point average for the month.

In order that we may keep an individual record of every boy in the stake, we have adopted the regular priests roll book for all quorums. The headings as printed are modified to accommodate the outline of the thirteen activities listed above. In keeping this roll

[Continued on page 747]



MUTUAL MESSAGES



Executive Department

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RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,

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ELSIE HOGAN

Sunday Evening Joint Program for November

Theme: The Developing Power of the Doctrine of a Premortal Existence.

1. Opening exercises.
2. Presentation of Slogan.
3. Announcement of the theme for the evening.
4. A fifteen minute sermon on Pre-Existence.

Text: "Man was also in the beginning with God." (Doctrine and Covenants 93:29.)

Material:

- Jeremiah 1:5,
Ecclesiastes 12:7,
John 9:2; 17, 5,
Nephi 1:12, 14,
Doctrine and Covenants 93:23.
Pearl of Great Price: Book of Abraham 3:22-26.
5. A ten minute talk on Pre-Existence in which the following material may be used:

"O my Father, Thou that dwellest
In the high and glorious place!
When shall I regain Thy presence,
And again behold thy face?
In thy holy habitation,
Did my spirit once reside?
In my first primeval childhood,
Was I nurtured near Thy side?"

"For a wise and glorious purpose
Thou hast placed me here on earth,
And withheld the recollection
Of my former friends and birth.
Yet oft times a secret something
Whispered, You're a stranger here;
And I felt that I had wandered
From a more exalted sphere."

—*Latter-day Saint Poet,*
Eliza R. Snow.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."

—*Wordsworth.*

"Moreover, something is or seems
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams
Of something felt, like something
here;
Of something done, I know not
where;
Such as no language may declare."
—*Tennyson.*

The poet, Robert Browning, appeals to his wife to help him in his work as she did before her death, and says that she came from a heavenly home to earth and that she has returned to that home from whence she came.

Maurice Maeterlinck's "Blue-Bird" presents a beautiful and interesting picture of persons preparing to serve this planet we call earth when they are finally born. One expects to be an inventor, another to improve various fruits.

Summary: Through belief in the doctrine of Pre-Existence we are led to look upon the possession of a body as the result of achievement and faithfulness. In the presence of its price will not the physical part of the soul receive greater care than it would without the knowledge of its cost to its possessor? The possibility of having a body was a gift from God but the realization of that possibility came through the keeping of our first estate. Getting a body

was one of the great, if not the greatest objectives of a whole lifetime in the spirit world. It no doubt furnished texts for preachers and themes for orators. It was held up as a goal by teachers and as a Divine Promise by prophets. In the light of the revelations of God, the privilege of having a body cannot be thought of as anything less than one of our greatest achievements as well as one of God's greatest gifts. Out of a belief in these things comes an attitude toward the physical self that should guarantee a super care which always is attended by super development.

There are three questions that have challenged the mind in all ages: Whence came I? Why here? And where go? The relation of the pre-mortal, the mortal, and the immortal life is still challenging the thoughts of man, and this doctrine of pre-mortal existence is doing full duty in the stimulation of mental activity.

Belief in our success before we came to earth gives us courage. Courage is a major virtue. The belief that we knew each other there increases our appreciation of each other here. Appreciation makes gratitude possible and gratefulness has been rightly called a cardinal virtue.

The belief that we were with God in the beginning adds to our nearness to him now, increases our desire to be with him again and strengthens our determination to be loyal to his leadership direct or delegated. Loyalty to the Lord is the apex of spiritual development.

And so we find in the Gospel doctrine of pre-mortal existence a power that develops our entire being: the physical, the intellectual, and the spiritual.

6. A three minute testimony on the value of a Patriarchal Blessing.
7. Singing: First two verses only, of the hymn, "O My Father."
8. Benediction, preferably a member of adult department, spoken to in advance.

Listen In

Over KSL and KDYL, on alternate nights, from Oct. 8-17, inclusive, announcements of interest to Era readers will be made. There will be short talks, dramatizations and music. A number of prominent writers have been engaged for the forthcoming volume and some of these will speak, giving forecasts of their articles.

Announcements of the exact hour will be made later over these stations.



ADULT DEPARTMENT Committee

Dr. Arthur L. Beeley and Ann M. Cannon, Chairmen; Dr. Joseph F. Merrill, Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Lewis T. Cannon, Dr. Lyman L. Daines, Ross W. Bennett, Emily H. Higgs, Emily C. Adams, Charlotte Stewart

Activities

1. Class-room discussion.
2. Project work.
3. Recreation and Social enjoyment.

Committee

It is hoped that in each ward the two manual discussion leaders and two activity leaders are chosen and ready for work. (See page 63 of M. I. A. Handbook 1931-2). If not please see that they are selected at once. Then let them read about the Adult work in the Handbook, and the recent issues of the Mutual Improvement Era.

How to Live

Is the subject for discussion this season. It may be purchased of the General Board offices for \$1.75 including the Study Outline. Please get your copy now.

The following extracts from an address by Dr. L. Weston Oaks delivered at the June Conference are a continuation of the subject discussed by Dr. L. L. Daines as printed in the August Era.

"Dr. Daines has very carefully and, I think, very thoroughly, covered this matter of adult class work; (see August

Era) and there are one or two points that I should like to impress upon you from the standpoint of the preparation of carrying on this sort of program.

"Someone has said that if one would have perfect health, one must begin by choosing one's grandparents, and I think we might go even farther and say one's great-great-grandparents, because it is now known very definitely that we are born with things which make us prone to the occurrence of disease. As an illustration of that, I should like to relate the fact that within the past few months certain American students of the question have shown that children born of mothers whose diet is deficient in certain vitamins are born with mucous membranes in the nasal sinuses which are already swollen and congested to a point where their resistance to infection is practically destroyed, and those children will have sinus infection even within the first week of life. You cannot attribute that sort of occurrence to anything extraneous, it comes from within, and we must treat those children for the condition before they are born by regulating the mother's diet.

"Another interesting fact, of truth and fact, is that hygienic living and the principles of hygiene come too late to us at our time of life to save us from reaping the penalties of disease. It can only furnish us guides, if you please, through which, if we follow them very carefully, we can avoid the acute trouble and be able to carry on from day to day, but cannot save us at our time of

life from disease. That is an interesting thing and should stimulate us to more careful and more vigorous action and study in the direction of finding out these things about health and passing on to future generations the most efficient resistance against disease, that, after all, is a bigger objective, a greater ideal than anything we could apply to our own lives for our own selfish needs.

I have recently been much interested in reading the Premier of new Russia on the standpoint of the five-year plan. It happened that when I finished it I was on a public conveyance, and forced to inhale considerable second-hand tobacco smoke and to see the effects of alcoholic libation on certain individuals who were also on that conveyance, and it struck me that the five-year plan, meaning that sentence or phrase, might have a definite significance for us. I should like to see a central committee, if you please, organized by the L. D. S. Church for the study and outlining of a five-year plan from the standpoint of health, and one of the major objectives in that plan should be the education of the adults to the scientific effects of these poisons upon our bodies, because through the use of these things we do pass on to unborn generations physical disabilities, if you please, and it really restricts and will make them prone to the occurrence of certain diseases, which they in turn will pass on to those who follow after. I believe that thing is possible and I should like to see it considered and not stop when we finish this year of personal hygiene because I feel that health is too great to cover in five years.

"This function should fall to the M. I. A. Organization because in their program and study the opportunity affords itself of hooking it up with L. D. S. beliefs, if you will permit me to discuss it. It isn't very hard, and isn't a very great step because the 'Mormon' people are unique from most religious organizations in one respect; namely, that they believe that all truth applies to their religious life as well as to their every-day life in other respects, and this certainly is true in the field of health, and I am sure that if you can do it in your class work this coming year and all the coming years, you will be more and more impressed with the fact that in order to be a good Latter-day Saint one must do everything in one's power to acquire good health and freedom from disease, for disease of mind and body certainly does delay our going ahead."

1931-1932

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Community Activity Committees

A PAGE in the Era is waiting each month for you to tell of the lovely things you are doing in the Activity Program. Others will be eager to read your message and you will be glad to read theirs. Make this page sparkle with friendly greetings and interchange of experiences. The General Committee will add its bits of information and helpful suggestions as the months go merrily by.

Stake Directors Appointed

THE New Improvement Era begins its third year with a more complete organization than it has ever had this early in the season. The campaign will be conducted October 11 to 18. Everything possible is being done this year to accomplish the work during the single week of the campaign. Following is a list of the Directors who have been appointed to conduct the work in the various stakes:

Alberta Stake—Heber J. Jensen, Irene Williams.

Alpine Stake—J. Bartle Parker, May W. Halliday.

Bannock—Floyd Smart, Katherine Warner.

Bear Lake—Thomas Green, Ireta Passey. Bear River—W. M. Christensen, Clara Kirkham.

Beaver—C. C. Miller, Emily Price.

Benson—Floyd Tibbets, Lula Hauser.

Big Horn—R. E. Despain, Helen P. Wilcox.

Blackfoot—Var O. Buchanan, Anna D. Carlson.

Blaine—Clive Cooper, Mrs. R. E. Adamson.

Boise—O. Lorenzo Jensen, Elva Labrum.

Box Elder—J. W. Owens, Esther Clough.

Buttle—Leo K. Homer, Evelyn Crane.

Cache—S. N. Daniels, Virginia Daniels.

Carbon—A. R. Stevens, Lillian Stookey.

Cassia—Edward A. Warr, Vera Nelson.

Cottonwood—Cloyd Brown, Rachel Shepherd.

Curlew—James Palmer, Anna Eliason.

Deseret—June Black, Ethel Allen.

Duchesne—Howard C. Moffet, Mrs. Marion S. Shields.

East Jordan—Arnold G. Adamson, Rachel Freeman.

Emery—Jesse S. Tuttle, Mary C. Moffitt.

Ensign—Serge B. Campbell, Merle H. Petegrew.

Franklin—E. S. Porter, Anna G. Palmer.

Fremont—W. B. Mason, Jennie Waldram.

Garfield—Reed Beebe, Rosie Roundy.

Granite—Jos. S. Nelson, Minnie Knight.

Grant—LaVar Butterworth, Harriet Kalmar.

Gunnison—Paul Parks, Amanda Fjelsted.

Highwood—H. M. Hales, Thelma Wray.

Hyrum—Oscar J. Hendry, Thelma Lindquist.

Idaho—Royal Wilson, Miss Leslie Stewart.

Idaho Falls—Milton H. Brinton, Mrs. Edna Brinton.

Juab—C. L. Memmott, Mable Sperry.

Juarez—Velan Call, Wilmoth Skousen.

Kanab—O. C. Bowman, Harriet Chamberlain.

Kolob—G. A. Simkins, Fanny Rowland.

Lehi—W. L. Worlton, Mary F. Smith.

Lethbridge—J. Llewellyn, Mrs. Lorena H. Jones.

Liberty—C. F. Solomon, Bernice Austin.

Logan—Wallace Secrist, Ruth Simpson.

Los Angeles—H. D. Nielson, Winnifred Garrett.

Lost River—V. D. Nelson, Vida Nelson.

Lyman—Lyman Fearn, Margaret J. James.

Malad—N. Crowther, Hanna Deschamps.

Maricopa—D. L. Stapley, Francelle Johnson.

Millard—Edgar Turner, Ruth Harmon.

Minidoka—L. G. Poulsen, Myrtle Freeman.

Moapa—Jesse Whipple, Nell Earl.

Montpelier—Charles Lindsay, Blanch Kunz.

Morgan—Frank Toone, Ida Shaub.

Moreno—R. A. Thacker, Filanda Allred.

Mt. Ogden—J. J. McKell, Eula Waldrom.

Nebo—Wells Cloward, Edna Q. Snow.

Nevada—Wm. H. Garrett, Drusilla Sorensen.

North Davis—L. E. Ellison, Bertha Williams.

North Sanpete—Osmund Crowther, Mrs. Louie M. Seely.

North Sevier—Karl Stott, Varna Johnson.

North Weber—Samuel Hadley, Mabel G. Thomas.

Ogden—A. E. Berlin, Ollie Y. Mitchell.

Onesida—M. W. Hendricks, Jennie T. Swainston.

Oquirrh—Fred W. Barker, May R. Woolfenden.

Palmyra—C. M. Jacobsen, Grace Gardner.

Panguitch—C. I. Foy, Iletta D. Reid.

Parowan—Glenwood Floyd, Mirla Houchen.

Pioneer—T. A. Schoenfeld, Thelma Carn.

Pocatello—C. C. Christensen, Magdalen Sessions.

Portneuf—Heber Olsen, Vera Dewey.

Raft River—S. H. Shaw, Helen Kelsey.

Rigby—S. R. Wilkinson, Mrs. S. R. Wilkinson.

Roosevelt—Arthur Wiscombe, Effie J. St. George.

S. George—J. H. Cottam, Aggie Brooks.

St. Johns—Jay Rothlisberger, Louise Udall.

St. Joseph—H. L. Taylor, Florence Talley.

Salt Lake—Lester A. Seare, Arzella Smith.

San Francisco—W. Glen Harmon, Miss Gelda Lilya.

San Juan—Guy R. Hurst, Elizabeth Halls.

San Luis—Oscar Ray, Marcella Crowther.

Sevier—H. D. Christensen, Rachel Young.

Sharon—Harold Colvin, Anna Jensen.

Shelley—Rudolph Ritting, Katherine Bennett.

Snowflake—William Tanner, Jennie M. Butler.

So. Davis—David G. Winn, Mrs. Joel R. Parrish.

So. Sanpete—J. S. Christensen, Vilate Jacobsen.

So. Sevier—Armour Hill, Sylvia Collings.

Star Valley—L. M. Barrus, Rachel Burton.

Summit—Lyle P. Richins, Meda Toone.

Taylor—Alvin Jones, Velma Meldrum.

Teton—G. J. Jeppson, Alice Jensen.

Timpanogos—A. P. Warnick, Estelle Fenton.

Tintic—N. E. Steck, Mrs. D. N. Larsen.

Tooele—Lyman Fawson, Eva Arbon.

Twia Falls—Leslie Hyde, Pearl Allread.

Uintah—Leonard Perry, Jean Merklely.

Union—Elmo Clegg, Julia Hiatt.

Utah—Reese E. Bench, Fern Cluff.

Wasatch—H. M. Rasband, Annie L. Clyde.

Wayne—Kenneth Coleman, Amy White.

Weber—Carl E. Weaver, May Bramwell.

West Jordan—Claud Abbott, Nona Jensen.

Woodruff—M. C. Peart, Grace Norris.

Yellowstone—D. H. White, Eva Rice.

Young—L. W. Braidy, Eva Burnham.

Zion Park—Homer Englestead, Maude Lemmon.

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Facing Life

GROUP 6 BUILDING TRADES

Bell rigger.
Brick layer.
Bolter up.
Bridge carpenter.
Carpenter, expert.
Cement finisher.
Concrete engineer.
Constructive foreman or superintendent.
Contractor and builder.
Crane operator, steam.
Ditcher operator.
Dock builder.
Dredge operator.
Elevator constructor.
Enameler.
Engineman, portable.
Fireman, portable (boiler).
Glazier.
Iron and steel erector.
Marble setter.
Mason, stone.
Painter, iron and steel.
Pile driver.
Pipe coverer.
Plasterer.
Plumber, general.
Rigger, bridge and structural.
Roofers.
Shovel operator, steam.
Shovel operator, gas engine.
Solderer.
State carpenter.
Stair builder.
Steam fitter.
Stone cutter.
Structural steel worker.
Tank operator.
Tile layer.
Water proofer.

Or turn to the statistical abstract of the United States published by the Department of Commerce. This volume lists for 1920, 42,-289,969 persons in the United States 10 years of age and over as being gainfully occupied. They are grouped under nine major classifications:

1. Agriculture, forestry, and animal husbandry.
2. Extraction of minerals.
3. Manufacturing and mechanical industries.
4. Transportation.
5. Trade.
6. Public service (not elsewhere classified).
7. Professional service.
8. Domestic and personal service.
9. Clerical occupations.

BEFORE you decide that there are few openings possible to you turn through the one classification—Manufacturing and Mechanical Industries:

Apprentices to building and hand trades.
Apprentices to dressmakers and milliners.
Apprentices, other.
Bakers.
Blacksmiths, forgemen, and hammermen.
Boiler makers.
Brick and stone masons.
Builders and building contractors.

Cabinetmakers.
Compositors, linotypers, and type setters.
Coopers.
Dressmakers and seamstresses (not in factory).
Dyers.
Electricians.
Electrotypers, stereotypers, and lithographers.
Engineers (stationary), cranimen, hoistmen, etc.
Engravers.
Filers, grinders, buffers, and polishers (metal).
Firemen (except locomotive and fire-department).
Foremen and overseers (manufacturing).
Furnacemen, smeltersmen, heaters, pourers, etc.
Glass blowers.
Jewelers, watchmakers, goldsmiths, and silversmiths.
Laborers.
Building, general, and not specified laborers.
Chemical and allied industries.
Fertilizer factories.
Paint and varnish factories.
Powder, cartridge, dynamite, fuse, and fireworks factories.
Soap factories.
Other chemical factories.
Clay, glass, and stone industries.
Brick, tile and terra-cotta factories.
Glass factories.
Lime, cement, and artificial stone factories.
Marble and stone yards.
Potteries.
Clothing industries.
Corset factories.
Glove factories.
Hat factories (felt).
Shirt, collar, and cuff factories.
Suit, coat, cloak and overall factories.
Other clothing factories.
Food industries.
Bakeries.
Butter, cheese, and condensed milk factories.
Candy factories.
Fish curing and packing.
Flour and grain mills.
Fruit and vegetable canning, etc.
Slaughter and packing houses.
Sugar factories and refineries.
Other food factories.
Harness and saddle industries.
Helpers in building and hand trades.
Iron and steel industries.
Agricultural implement factories.
Automobile factories.
Blast furnaces and steel rolling mills.
Car and railroad shops.
Ship and boat building.
Wagon and carriage factories.
Other iron and steel factories.
Not specified metal industries.
Other metal industries.
Brass mills.
Clock and watch factories.
Copper factories.
Gold, silver, and jewelry factories.
Lead and zinc factories.
Tinware, enamelware, etc., factories.
Other metal factories.
Lumber and furniture industries.
Furniture factories.
Piano and organ factories.
Saw and planing mills.
Other woodworking factories.
Paper and pulp mills.

Printing and publishing.
Shoe factories.
Tanneries.
Textile industries.
Carpet mills.
Cotton mills.
Knitting mills.
Lace and embroidery mills.
Silk mills.
Textile dyeing, finishing, and printing mills.
Woolen and worsted mills.
Other textile mills.
Other industries.
Broom and brush factories.
Button factories.
Electric light and power plants.
Electrical supply factories.
Gas works.
Leather belt, leather case, etc., factories.
Beverage industries.
Paper-box factories.
Petroleum refineries.
Rubber factories.
Straw factories.
Others and not specified industries.
Loom fixers.
Machinists, millwrights, and toolmakers.
Machinists.
Millwrights.
Toolmakers and die setters and sinkers.
Managers and superintendents (manufacturing).
Manufacturers and officials.
Mechanics.
Millers (grain, flour, feed, etc.).
Milliners and millinery dealers.
Molders, founders, and casters (metal).
Oilers of Machinery.
Painters, glaziers, and varnishers (building).
Painters, glaziers, enamelers, etc. (factory).
Paper hangers.

Pattern and model makers.
Plasterers and cement finishers.
Plumbers and gas and steam fitters.
Pressmen and plate printers (printing).
Rollers and roll hands (metal).
Roofers and slaters.
Sawyers.
Semi-skilled operatives.
Shoemakers and cobblers (not in factory).
Skilled occupations.
Annealers and temperers (metal).
Piano and organ tuners.
Wood carvers.
Other skilled occupations.
Stone cutters.
Structural Iron workers (building).
Tailors and tailoresses.
Tinsmiths and coppersmiths.
Upholsterers.

If you are interested in making a study of the situation in your own State write to the Department of Commerce and ask for a summary of vocational data for your State. Or, if you prefer, write to the Supervisor of Vocational Education in your own State Department of Education.

When you ask "What fields are open?" The answer flashes back: "Almost any field is open to you if you'll pay the price to get through the gate." Can you dedicate yourself to that task in the spirit of Lincoln:

"I will study and prepare myself so that if the opportunity ever comes I shall be ready for it."

☞ Troubles

Continued from
page 719

Then I sent Alex to bring her. I watched him go in the house and then come running out, waving his arms. I ran," he choked again, "when I got there she was lying on the floor with my pistol by her,—shot.

"That night I dug a little grave, such a little grave for my baby. I couldn't help thinking of her mother, and how she would feel. I kind of felt like I'd killed her,—my little Lynn. I kept saying as how it was trouble, but it wasn't."

I looked across the gardens where a clump of rose trees were putting on their spring trimmings. Through the green I caught the glimmer of a little white head-board.

FOR full five minutes neither spoke. Surely all this had been trouble. I thought of Alice and Roy and then looked across at the rose trees again. He watched me for awhile, and then, as though

reading my thoughts, answered, "No, it wasn't trouble."

"Then,—I began to work again. The boys grew up. One day Roy wanted to go away—freighting to the coast. I thought there wasn't any danger; I felt so sure of him. After awhile he stayed down there. He wrote at first and then I never heard anything for months and months. One night I woke with someone tapping on the window. I opened it. It was Roy."

He dropped his old face into his trembling hands and shook with grief.

"Oh, my boy, my boy! His eyes were bloodshot, his voice thick with drink. The odor of whiskey came to me through the open window. I caught at the sill—I almost fainted. Then he cursed me for being so slow, told me to hurry and open the door.

"He came in dirty, and scratched and bleeding. Said he thought he had killed a man, while he was drunk—my boy, his mother's boy,

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perhaps a murderer. I begged him to stay to give himself up to be tried by the law. I begged him on my knees,—promised to help him."

Again the old head dropped as it had dropped many times in the last few minutes.

"Then I begged him for his mother's sake—and he cursed her, cursed his dead mother. Then I was glad my Bess was out there on the prairies, in peace.

"I don't know what I said next, but he struck me—struck his father and ran away into the night. My boy—that was trouble."

HE sat for a long time with covered eyes. Then he rose and walked to the end of the veranda and back.

"The man he thought he had killed died ten years later like an honest man, in his bed. I published the news near and far—from Cape Nome to the Horn. I didn't think he could have gone across the water but to be sure I sent word there to all the papers—London, Liverpool, Berlin and Paris,

—as far south as Johannesburg, as far north as Bergen.

"Alex went to the Tunnel in Zion, yesterday. Someone said they'd seen a man that looked like him, working on the road. We've followed hundreds of clues, and failed, but I know that he'll come home some night and I'll open the door and let him in."

I LEFT him musing and rode home in the twilight. At the east the towers of little Zion glowed in the light of the setting sun. — crimson, vermillion, magenta, purple, mauve and lilac—a gorgeous pageantry of color. The sun set as we shambled through the cooling sands. The moon rose above Shin-ob-ki's fluted crimson core—silhouetted against a saffron sky.

Far away amongst the green fields of Massachusetts I saw the white glimmer of the old home and a faithful blue-eyed woman with a baby's clustered curls against her breast.

I lifted my tear-wet face to the darkening skies—I had no troubles.

The New Education in Austria

Continued from
page 713

This leaders' group may take up a case of "Bad Comradeship" and dispose of it. Something considered not "Good Comradeship" is the worst thing a child can do.

THE leaders decide what shall be his punishment. They may decide to let it pass, or they may try to change his point of view. The severest punishment is that the others do not speak with him for a certain period of time.

The community group or class is seated in a circle with the teacher in the center, or in a semi-circle with the teacher in the background. This arrangement is so that each child can see the faces of all the others. Each has a nice little desk. The room is made cozy and attractive with rugs, curtains, pictures and articles dear to the hearts of children.

The children, when first organized, worked out a constitution and by-laws and the constitution has come to mean everything.

Each child has one vote in matters, the teacher has one vote also, and the teacher has the power of veto. Dr. Dengler has used the power of veto only three times. He said he felt that when the children had made a decision it was all right.

The leader and his group give help to one who is doing poor work. They have a meeting with and encourage the lazy child. They help the slow child. They inquire concerning the missing child.

The leader may either perform these duties himself or appoint some one to do them. If the child appointed refuses, it is a case for the leaders' community.

ASSOCIATED with every children's community is a group of eight parents. At first the children did not like this, but were given the privilege of electing three themselves. It has developed that the children count these three as friends and would rather go to

them than to the teacher, in many cases.

The children receive their marks in an envelope. The envelopes are opened in the group, and the marks discussed. The children are free to say why such and such a child should receive a lower or a higher mark than the one given, and they can correct the teachers' marks. There is a mutual criticism and a mutual feeling of justice.

There is no punishment except that for bad comradeship, and that not by the teacher, but by the community.

Many cases for the clinics have been received and helped but the community has not created a single case.

MANY worth-while special things are done in the group, whereby a child may get his name in "The Book." This is a diary, and it is a great honor to get one's name in "The Book." If a child wishes to try for this honor he goes to the leader and states his wish, he may say: "I wish to give a talk," and names his subject. He then works on it and when ready the group and leader go early and hear his talk. The students pass judgment in his presence and without envy give their opinion. If it is voted good his name goes in the diary.

Sometimes it is decided in a group that they will make a book. One child says: "I will invent a story," another says, "I will illustrate the story." Another expresses a wish to print the story and still another will wish to make the cover and bind the book.

When completed they are about ten or twelve pages long. The books are beautifully printed by hand, illustrated in colors and the covers, inside and out, hand decorated. Dr. Dengler took some of these books to the Geneva conference where they were received with a great deal of admiration.



It is an accomplishment in community work, a thing in which a number have taken part and gives opportunity in language, art and handcraft.

Dr. Dengler has his pupils do a great deal of writing as a means of expression. He goes before his class, looks at the pupils and says: "Write on a certain subject." The stories and essays have in many cases been the outpouring of starved and hungry souls.

DR. DENGLER'S idea of an ideal school would be a community school away from the city out near the fields and forests. A large plot of ground with trees and flowers, and each grade in a little bungalow. In every building would be a parent room, with books.

On the campus he would have a science building, a gymnasium, and a community hall. The community hall to be used as a theater and each class community would invite others to see its plays and programs.

Dr. Dengler is particularly well known for his work in teaching foreign languages, and here he uses the community idea as in the other classes.

To summarize:

Characteristic of his method are groups and leaders, correcting, mutual help, self-direction and conversation and decisions by the children themselves.

The blackboard is used by one child during the conversation of the others, and the community corrects the work written thereon.

THE teacher is as much as possible in the background, but ever ready to slip out of the background when a point is missed, to question, or urge the thought in the children.

There has been observed a gradual increase in altruism and love both in parents and children and a feeling of appreciation on the part of parents for the valuable help they are getting in the training of their children.

With the right kind of teachers Dr. Dengler hopes to carry his work not only into all the schools of Vienna but also into all the schools of Austria in a very short time.



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Are We of Israel?

UNDER this title the late George Reynolds many years ago published an illuminating though modest little book of 135 pages. It traces the history of the children of Israel and gives also an interesting account of the Book of Abraham. For some little time the book has been out of print, but the demand for it has been so urgent and continuous that a new edition has been issued and it can now be had at the Deseret Book Co., Salt Lake City.

Elder George Reynolds, one of the First Council of Seventy at the time of his death, was a profound student of the scriptures and had a rare gift of correlating the prophecies made in ancient times with those of this dispensation. He was the author of the "Story of the Book of Mormon," "Book of Mormon Concordance," etc.

A Book of Mormon chart by Elder Reynolds has also been republished. It is seven feet long and one and one-fourth feet wide, drawn to scale in colors. It shows Lehi's colony arriving in the Promised Land, the separation of the Nephites and Lamanites, Mulek's colony, who left Jerusalem 589 B. C., the discovery of the people of Zarahemla and the Nephites uniting with them, the expedition of the people of Zeniff and their return to Zarahemla, the united

people of the Lamanites and Nephites, the Church of Christ, the separation of the Nephites and the Lamanites, the Gadianton robbers, the final destruction of the people. Valuable historical data are given, also the contemporaneous events on the Eastern continent. The chart is sufficiently large so that it can be hung in a class room and seen to good advantage by the pupils. The Relief Society has adopted this chart in their theology work.

The price is \$2.50 and it can be secured from Harold G. Reynolds, 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Attached is copy of letter from John Henry Evans to the publishers with regard to this chart.

"I am glad to know that you are printing again the Chart on the Book of Mormon by your honored father.

"George Reynolds was the most thorough-going student of the Nephite record we have had in a hundred years. And the Chart embodies, in a form that appeals to the eye, not only the chronological details of the Book of Mormon itself, but also such contemporary data as help one to understand the narrative.

"I consider the Chart of the greatest value in the study of the Nephite record. There is nothing that compares with it in its grasp of events, in its accuracy, or in its illuminating details. It is to be hoped that it will have a very wide distribution among those who care to master the Book of Mormon."

It Pays to Live Right

Continued from
page 708

tain section where basketball is played at its best but he played a great game of football for the Cougars at guard, end and tackle, being a formidable regular at the latter assignment; and he developed into a strong sprinter and a 51 second quarter miler, earning his monogram in track in each of his last two years. George had only three personal fouls called on him in twelve fierce conference basketball games this year while he was earning fame as an all-divisional and second all-conference player by his skillful covering of the opposing sharp shooters. Incidentally, George has forgotten all about

that pleurisy and the doctor found nothing to remind him of it.

RUSSELL MAGLEBY, a strong student with an incisive mind and a virile student leader, is as smart an athlete and as skillful a ball-handler as I have contacted. "Cagey" is the best descriptive adjective I can conjure up to peg him accurately. As a football quarterback his feinting and his generalship left little to be desired. His tackling and blocking were superb. On the basketball floor he was at times truly a wizard—and always a great general and team-man.

MARK BALIFF, another all-around man, a credit to his instructors, an addition to any social function, something of a musician and a whole lot of an athlete, holds the unique distinction of being a remarkable substitute. Remarkable for his playing ability, and his versatility. But more remarkable for his undeviating loyalty, his unselfish service, his patience, his keen humor and his generous contributions to team morale, without which no team either succeeds or loves its activity. And it is remarkable, as a coach learns early in his experience, to have a great player who can keep his poise and team-spirit, forget himself and glorify the cause, while squirming his way through games on the splintery benches. Take my word for it—such is the real sportsman. And count Balliff among them. He won national renown on the All-Tournament team at the National Interscholastic Basketball meet at Chicago in 1925. Then he understudied the brilliant Magleby throughout his college career, playing many games and a great total time. In football he was a regular fullback one year and then "pinch-hit" for Paul Thorn, one of the west's outstanding football products, for two seasons. Mark was a twenty-one foot broad jumper to boot.

BRIMLEY, Magleby and Cooper were in active combat almost continually through eleven football games and forty basketball games from September until March. Balliff was under the same physical and nervous strain, compensating for a shortage of time in games by a particularly heavy role in scrimmage, because of his versatility and worth.

Does a rigorous athletic participation injure the athlete's physique and health?

These boys feel that it has improved theirs.

Does strenuous sport activity, over a period of years cut two or three years off a man's life, as we are urged to believe now and again?

No—not off life; maybe from his breathing time. But it crowds many additional years of living into his life, even if its span is a trifle shorter.

Does the clean life pay?

It pays and pays and pays!



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Non Run Rayon, Elbow and Knee Length.....	1.29
Non Run Rayon, Long Legs or Old Style.....	2.00
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No. 55 Ribbed Hvy. Cot., unbleached Double Back.....	1.98
8 oz. Hvy. Duck White Temple Pants.....	1.95

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Man or Machine Made?

Continued from
page 711

selves to artificial ultra-violet ray. Instead of exercise out of doors, we attach ourselves to a mechanical vibrator. Is it a wonder that shoe-makers complain?

Even the doctors are worried! For now comes the Radio Scientist and tells us that his new short waves will induce bodily temperatures or fevers up to 105 degrees. The fever, it seems was Mother Nature's way of destroying invading bacteria. So now we are even going to take our medicine by radio!

Some prophets go so far as to predict that, some day, we shall short circuit our animal and vegetable diet and absorb energy synthetically, direct from the solar system or its artificial substitutes; moreover, that the physical pleasure and exhilaration derived from this new method of charging "human batteries" will exceed that experienced by eating the choicest victuals.

WITH so much evidence of the all-pervading Machine, shall we wonder that the arts have not been immune? A great painter tells me that, at short distance, only the art connoisseur can distinguish the difference between the fine prints made in certain lithographic processes and the original paintings. Does not this mean that the humblest dwelling may now be beautified by the works of the masters? Does it also mean that we shall soon become dissatisfied with cheap chromos, and poor examples of home-made arts?

But let us withhold our decision until all the evidence is in. We do know that the art of true Italian Fresco has been lost to the craft of the interior decorator. This process was too slow, too laborious; it required consummate skill and speed; it succumbed to easier, faster, processes, not so rich in tint, maybe, but only the connoisseur knows the difference.

The radio is bringing literature, drama and music into the homes of even the illiterate. Splendid, imaginative readers with dramatic voices read to us; groups of players broadcast fine plays and dramas to distant hamlets and isolated farmhouses; music of all kinds, from jazz to symphony, from musical comedy to grand opera, is "on

the air" almost constantly. This new, invisible force—this machine for the mass distribution of art is here. How can we best utilize it? For surely no one lives who would destroy it!

THE twin-sister of the radio, the "movie-talkie" is duplicating this mission in the field of visual-aural entertainment. Soon, radio-television will combine the two arts. This means that you will be able to see these artists as well as hear them in your own home, at the very time they are performing. This means, further, that a few hundred artists—super virtuosi—can produce all the music that the civilized world can consume!

"But," you argue, "this is so impersonal, so unreal, so artificial!" But is it, really? Mr. Stock and Mr. Stokowski both contend that music should be heard and not seen. You will remember that Wagner, fifty years ago, concealed his orchestra at Bayreuth. Is it, then, necessary, or even desirable, that we should see the artist when he sings or plays? If it is proximity to the artist that you desire, then you actually hear each tone of Mr. Stock's orchestra on Sunday afternoons a fraction of a second sooner in Texas, Wyoming, New York, or Florida, than you do in the twenty-sixth row at Orchestra Hall, for the simple reason that sound travels through air at the rate of 1093 feet per second, but by radio-electric waves at 186,400 miles per second!

Moreover, with a good receiving set, I can detect but little difference in the quality of sounds that reach my ears. Often, indeed, my radio gives me a finer quality than I hear in some concert halls, acoustically defective, or when I am disturbed by late-comers, whispers, coughers, sneezers, shufflers. No—I am afraid that all such arguments bear the marks of prejudiced interests and special pleadings.

The public has already expressed, by that magic word "demand," its preference and there is nothing that individuals or special self-interested groups can do about it. In five years the sale of new pianos has declined more than seventy-five per cent and over half the piano manufacturers have been forced to

merge, liquidate or go bankrupt.

In the two years, 1925 to 1927, the sale of band and orchestra instruments declined nearly twenty per cent. This was before the movie-talkie forced eighty per cent of theater musicians out of work, which has occurred since 1928. In the past five years the sale of radios has increased from four hundred million dollars in 1924 to eight hundred million in 1929—more than four times the value of all musical instruments sold in 1925.

(Concluded in November)

Field Notes

Continued from
page 736

the secretaries of each quorum work under the direction of the ward clerk.

Response to the program as outlined has been gratifying. In some of the wards as many as ninety per cent of the active membership of Lesser Priesthood quorums qualified for the trip to Bear River Bay. This included many boys who had tampered at intervals with tobacco and strong drink. Last week five boys in one quorum openly confessed before the class that they had smoked, but that they did not have the habit and were now determined to leave tobacco alone.

"Visits to individual quorums are made at frequent intervals by members of the Stake Committee, and constant touch is kept with ward officers in order that interest may not be permitted to lag.

"In the interval, pending the time when conditions were right for making the trip to the Bird Refuge, it was recommended that ward leaders take their entire membership enrolled in Lesser Priesthood on an outing of some nature.

"The first response to this suggestion came from Logan Ninth Ward. On Friday, July 10, forty boys headed by Bishop L. Tom Perry and his aids, made an all day's trip to Bear Lake where swimming, boat-riding, and picnicking were thoroughly enjoyed. The chairman of the Stake Committee went along and obtained a great deal of joy because of the success of this outing and by virtue of the wholesome association. The boys were photographed at the last gathering place in Logan Canyon just at twilight where they were enjoying a feast on watermelon after a short, but snappy game of ball.

"It is our conclusion that our boys will respond to any method of approach which has in it a semblance of appeal, and that inherently they want to do what is right. Leadership and persistent follow-up work will bring its reward.

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Correspondence from principals, parents, teachers, and cafeteria managers is invited. D. Ghirardelli Co., 914 North Point St., San Francisco.



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Grasshoppers for Thanksgiving

Continued from
page 717

covered with burlap sacks or blankets, to keep the insects from clogging the radiators and stopping the machines.

As to the ravages of the scourge, dispatches from the plague centers have this to say:

"Lincoln, Neb., July 27—Livestock is being robbed of food. * * * Last week more than 3000 head of cattle were shipped from South Dakota counties to northern Nebraska. In South Dakota a long drought had almost ruined the crops when the grasshoppers swarmed in to complete the destruction.

"Within the last few days it has become a common sight in that state to see whole families moving northward in covered wagons, driving their half-starved herds before them." (UP Service.)

"Hastings, Neb., July 31—AP—Another crime was charged up to the grasshoppers today.

"Not content with their feasts of corn and wheat they have taken to eating clothing. L. R. Jacobson, a salesman, reported. He said that he left his coat in his automobile for a short time while he called on a client. When he returned a swarm of grasshoppers was munching on the coat and had devoured a considerable section of the back."

AT Bloomfield, Neb., the famous "Bloomfield pay-as-you-go" plan which provided that every citizen of the community, including the farmers, was to pay cash and receive no credit, has practically broken down. The farmers have been deprived of their incomes this year, and have not been able to secure the necessities of life without credit.

In Sanpete county, Utah, Commissioner of Agriculture Harden Bennion and Dr. F. E. Stephens of the national Department of Agriculture selected an area and decided to count the hoppers, to ascertain how great the plague was in this suffering section. "A rather small swarm was carefully estimated to number as follows: The central part of the thickest area was estimated at one hopper to a square inch for an area of 320 acres, or practically 2,000,000,000 hoppers. Around this center there were 10 to 100 to a square foot on four square miles, or about one and one-third billions, or a total for this swarm of three and one-third billions. Estimating 8,000,000 adult hoppers to the ton, it will be seen that 40 tons would

mean about 300,000,000, or about one-third of a billion."

BUT though the task of subduing such enormous hordes of pests seems at once impossible, it is being done. At Fountain Green, Utah, on July 5, Hyrum Jacobson, James Moore and Arthur Christensen decided to make a canvas balloon type catcher, such as they had used 27 years before to catch grasshoppers. They rigged up the catcher from sections of wagon covers, weighted on the bottom with a large pole to hold the contrivance close to the ground.

To the ends they fastened ropes, which they held by means of wrapping them around saddle horns, and thus, pulling the balloon like a huge scoop, they rode through the fields, Sunday evening, and again Monday morning. Their catch in six hours amounted to 1200 pounds of hoppers—and the county was paying one cent a pound bounty on all hoppers caught! Besides getting rid of practically 4,800,000 grasshoppers, they had earned \$12.

They kept at it, early in the mornings and evenings, and other farmers joined in. Within ten days time 17 tons had been caught



The California devastating Grasshopper.

around Fountain Green, and photos were taken of the work for distribution to nearby towns. These places soon took up the drive, and up to July 25 in Sanpete county alone, more than 34 tons of grasshoppers had been caught. These were placed in sacks, piled up, covered with oil and burned. Trash and willows aided the pyre to burn.

Other counties, thrilled by the accounts of Sanpete's success, began the work of destruction. They learned that beside the 34 tons of hoppers caught in the nets, more than ten times that amount had been killed with poison bran. One mixture recommended by the scientists studying the situation, and which proved successful, is:

Bran, 100 pounds; sodium arsenate, 1 to 2 quarts; white arsenic, 4 to 5 pounds; sugar beet molasses, 2 gallons; amyl acetate, 3 ounces; salt, 5 pounds; and water, 9 to 11 gallons.

This mixture is spread over the fields and as the hoppers come to feed in the late evening or early morning, they partake of the poisoned bran and die within 24 hours. Others feed on their dead comrades, and die more quickly.

IN Utah, at least, the measures are taking effect, and the scourge, attacked by science, farmers and modern warfare, is fast dwindling. And along with the balloon scoop, the poison bran and fire, comes the immortal turkey, as a savior of the farm in the campaign against the destroying grasshopper.

Fields that were barren, soon began showing signs of recovery. Green alfalfa lifted its head above the ground aided by the recent rains and the removal of the hoppers has made something of a crop. The farmers, on whom the brunt of the battle has fallen, are rejoicing, and plan as a finishing touch, to celebrate Thanksgiving this year by partaking of the delectable grasshopper, in the form of turkey fattened on the insect.

From several sources it has been reported that after foliage of fruit trees had been entirely eaten off, they not only produced new leaves but also brought forth an abundant bloom.

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A Daughter of Martha

Continued from
page 722

expression or simple pleasures. Every night and every morning, she combed her mother's wealth of hair for an hour. Whenever a window was opened, Victoria hastily draped a shawl about Catherine's shoulders. She filled her mother's plate with the best foods, taking only a scanty portion for herself. She placed a footstool under her feet and removed her shoes at night. Every morning Victoria carried a breakfast tray to the guest chamber. Catherine had such a desire for cream and butter and hot breads that Gloria found it necessary to increase her mixings. Jonas bought another milk cow, and Gloria now churned three times a week. Catherine sat in the parlor by the wax flowers and the gourds. She played little, tinkling melodies on the piano and read novels.

"Ah, Gloria, my child," Catherine always spoke to her brother's wife as if she were an infant, "what a marvelous story this *Under Two Flags* is! The heroism of Cigaretta! She died for the man she loved—her heart pierced by the bullet intended for him. They don't make such women any more, Gloria. I've read the book ten times, and it gets lovelier every time. And *Dora Thorne*!" Aunt Catherine wiped real tears from her eyes, and glanced out of the window toward the neglected lawn and the dried-up lily pond. "I had only the dole! It isn't in real life like it is in the books!" She folded her hands, raised her feet, and the alert Victoria slipped the footstool under them.

"Gloria," added Aunt Catherine, "I think I should like a dish of cream—clotted cream, with my biscuits at supper. Biscuits—butter and cream!" she smiled in happy anticipation.

A FEW nights later Gloria fancied she heard stealthy steps on the stairs. She did not rouse, but the next morning she found the cellar door unlatched and the cream taken from the pans she had expected to skim.

"Some animal has been getting into the milk cellar," she announced at dinner. "I can't im-

agine what kind it was, for nothing was tipped over, but all the cream was skimmed from the pans. That is why you have no cream with your pudding."

Victoria flushed vividly and nearly choked on a gulp of water. Aunt Catherine remained placid and unconcerned. "We all have to make sacrifices," she remarked. "I can get along with just butter."

Rodney was all concern over Victoria, lest she choke, but he glanced first at his Aunt Catherine. Suspicion in his eyes. He spent the afternoon in the tool shop, refusing to let Anna watch him. That night he was the last to retire. The next morning, the cellar door was again unlatched, and the clotted cream taken. Victoria did not come down as usual to take up Aunt Catherine's breakfast. But presently Aunt Catherine appeared, looking aggrieved and martyrlke.

"Victoria has a sprained hand," she complained. "Some rogue put a trap on the door and the poor child—"

RODNEY was penitent! He had thought to incriminate Aunt Catherine, but had no intention of hurting Victoria.

"Who will comb my hair?" lamented Aunt Catherine, "her hand will be sore for a month."

Gloria put sage tea packs on Victoria's hand. That night a little daughter was born. The little round head had a single, long golden hair. Gloria ran it through her fingers, and felt the crinkly texture. "Curly, but not red," she exulted. Aunt Catherine, pressed into service, was bemoaning her lack of sleep. Victoria, in spite of her own pain, hushed the wails of Anna and little Peter. Jonas arrived with the dawn, looking harassed and worried. He was irritated with the evident friction in his home, angry because he found the reservoir empty, and the wood box bare of fuel.

Jonas Whitman had homesteaded his farm. Later he had taken advantage of the additional homestead act, and thus obtained another quarter section. A one time neighbor had become dissatisfied.

and Jonas had purchased his homestead. The proud possessor of three adjoining quarter sections, he yearned to complete the square. The coveted remaining quarter, "The north easter quarter," to be exact, contained a spring which rose at the extreme edge of the claim, where Cripple Creek supplied the waters which irrigated the Whitman fields. Jonas had right to all the water of this creek. But this was not enough. He wanted more land; more water. He wanted to be sole owner of a section of land. From generations of landless fathers back in England, the yearning to hold lands had come as an insatiable inheritance. While he had looked dreamy, his brain had actually been planning and scheming how to obtain possession of that desirable quarter section.

LOTT GASCOM, whose slanting, shifting eyes were fit companions for his shaggy, unkempt hair, lived in Cripple Creek canyon and operated a cheese factory. His premises were uninviting and littered. A pack of ferocious hounds lay about, making travel hazardous for any strangers who passed. His daughter Lulu was his sole companion. She rode the range for the cows, and aided her father in the manufacture of cheese. Lott Gascom had little regard for law and order. He could not homestead for there were secret details of his earlier life which naturalization would have revealed. But cheese making required cows and cows required pasture, so he had fenced in that particular quarter section which Jonas Whitman coveted. Whenever he felt that this particular pasture needed more water than the spring afforded, he tapped the Whitman carefully banked ditches. For several years Jonas Whitman made no comment. He did not even raise the question of ownership on the land. With a fine regard for the brains of a man who wrote poetry and read law, other neighbors assumed that Lott had gained possession, and went about their own tasks. Lott Gascom smiled secretly. These westerners were easy. He was getting free pasture and free water, and a fine price for his cheese. Once, as a means of toying with trouble, he drove in a calf that belonged

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to the Whitman ranch and branded it for his own. Still there was no complaint. The Whitman boys came regularly for cheese, always on horse back, always with a stout whip to quiet the dogs.

But Jonas Whitman had been biding his time. He had made frequent trips to the land office, and knew what he was doing. Early one spring morning Gloria found him consulting the family Bible. "I wanted to know Rodney's exact age," he explained. "He will soon be twenty-one."

PRESENTLY lumber arrived from the mill and window sash and door frames came by freight. Jonas soon followed, and all these supplies were hauled to the very edge of the land fenced in by Lott Gascom. Without having previously disclosed his plans, Jonas awakened Rodney before dawn one morning and urged him to dress hurriedly.

"You are twenty-one today, my son. I am taking you to file on land."

"I don't care to own land," grumbled Rodney sleepily.

"Don't worry about owning the land," laughed Jonas. "Some day you will thank me. Now, all you do is sign the papers. I do all the rest."

"I hate cows and plows," continued Rodney, unconscious of his rhyme.

But his protests were unavailing. Hardly aware of what he was doing, Rodney was hurried to the land office. There, still somewhat confused, he signed the necessary papers that he was twenty-one years of age; that he desired to homestead land; that the desired piece he wanted was the northeast quarter of section—it was too confusing to remember. Jonas Whitman did the talking, and paid the fees. Hurriedly the return trip was made. All other work was suspended. All hands were pressed into service. The fence which Lott Gascom had flaunted to the world was cut, and in a very short time a one room "residence" was built on the new claim. By night furniture, bedding and food supplies had been moved over. And Rodney Whitman, twenty-one, slept in his own bed, in his own house, on his own homestead.

"I don't want to live here alone," he protested with more vehemence than he had ever shown. "I don't want this ground. I hate plowing."

"I will attend to the cultivation," answered his father. "I have borne all of Lott Gascom's thievery against this day. I wanted him to hold the land until you were of age. Now, let him try to pasture his cows here. Let him try to grow grass with my water. Let him steal another calf."

"I won't live here five years," asserted Rodney.

"Did you not notice that I paid heavily for the land? \$1.25 per acre, so that you need live here only fourteen months. If I had not paid, you would have had to stick it out five years to gain title. A whole, unbroken section all my own!" he cried exultingly. "Six hundred and forty acres of land, with water! How many titled lords, back in England, would exchange places with me!"

Rodney was not thinking of lords, nor of free lands. He was thinking of the delicate curve of Victoria's neck, and felt a surge of anger at Aunt Catherine who kept her virtually a slave.

Lott Gascom's shifting eyes drew together in a heavy scowl when Jonas Whitman called upon him the next morning, and ordered him to move his cows.

"Revenge I will have!" he shook his fist at the smiling Jonas, and his voice rose to a trembling crescendo. "I will have my fence back. My cows die—we make no cheese—we starve!" He waved his hand toward Lulu, who at sixteen had blossomed into full womanhood. Her black curls, her red cheeks, heightened with a gay ribbon, gave a transitory charm to her slattern beauty. "My dogs," Lott gave a loud call and the pack gathered around him eager for action—"my dogs they know how to kill."

JONAS closed his saw mill. He had been losing money on it for years. He began to check over the grocery lists, omitting items which he considered luxuries. He ignored Aunt Catherine's request for a daily fire in the parlor. He ignored her complaint that the but-

ter was getting scarce, and that there was not even an occasional dish of cream. The price of a car of grain which he shipped east went to purchase a gravelly, pointed hill near the railroad tracks. Its sage and oak brush growth was thin and scraggly. It did not even have a value as pasture.

"You already have more land than you can cultivate," protested Gloria, thinking of the many things which the children needed.

The visionary expression came again into his eyes.

"The day will come when this railroad will double track and gravel will be needed. The man who owns that point at that time will have a small fortune."

PERHAPS it was all true, but Gloria felt the pressing urge of immediate needs. Money for winter clothing was not forthcoming. She saw a picture in a farm magazine of a new kind of garment which you made with knitting needles. It was called a sweater. The picture was certainly alluring. She could knit! In an abandoned closet there were skeins and skeins of yarn, purchased for some forgotten purpose, before her marriage. Little Peter and the infant Nancy, and the frail Anna could yet have warm clothing. Hour after hour she worked, picking up the pattern, urging her fingers until they became nimble again. Aunt Catherine hinted for warm biscuits; still Gloria knitted. Rodney came for food supplies which Victoria, blushing prettily, got together for him. Gloria did not care whether the older people were fed or not. She carefully stored away enough milk to supply the three little children for the entire day, and applied herself to her task.

"There seems to be no milk." Aunt Catherine's monotone was gently complaining. "Not even milk, let alone cream."

"Rodney or Victoria will have to do the milking," Gloria did not even look up. Click—click, flew the needles—she must finish her sock before dark.

Aunt Catherine lost her placidity. "Did I hear you aright?" She assumed a dignified, statuesque attitude. "Do you infer that my Victoria shall milk a cow? Are we not guests in my brother's

home? Do you know that my mother was fifth lady in waiting to Queen Victoria until she married my father? Do you know that the king once falconed on my grandfather's estate? Are guests expected to work? My child do menial work—never!"

Click—click—click flew Gloria's needles. The dark would come all too soon. Suddenly she remembered the day she had snatched the whip from the stage driver. Now she was snatching the whip of indolence from Aunt Catherine.

"Those who do not work, do

not eat." She was surprised at her own courage.

VICTORIA sensed a quarrel and hoped to avert it. She was amiable and hated dissension. She snatched up a shawl and picked up a bucket.

"I would rather milk than comb mother's hair!" she cried as she ran out of the house. She, too, was brave beyond her expectations. Aunt Catherine stood gaping at the door where Victoria had disappeared.

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When vacancies do exist in offices, The L. D. S. Business College gets its full share of the calls. Through the past 40 years, business men have been depending upon us for trained office employees. They rely upon us today as in the past; and if business positions are available anywhere, they are likely to be available through our Placement Department.

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"That my daughter should work," she moaned. "To what depths have I fallen!"

Rodney, on his daily visit, saw Victoria trudging toward the barnyard and felt a respect for her pluck. "Hi, Vic," he called, "I'll milk two to your one; is it a go?"

As she knitted and purred, Gloria thought of the *Prince and the Pauper*, the book which had never been read. How she longed to go up there for seclusion—for peace, for a brief respite from the cares which seemed to crush in upon her. Fingers, hurry. Socks must be made for the three children. Six pairs, at least. And three sweaters.

GLORIA washed the dishes after the others slept. There were not so many, for Aunt Catherine had refused to set a table. There had been milk a plenty, for Rodney's contest with Victoria had resulted in brimming pails. There was milk for breakfast too. She sliced bacon and set the mush to soak, mixed the bread and washed the milk buckets. As she opened the door to throw out the last water, a slender dark form stepped into the shaft of light.

"Lady," it was the voice of a boy and Gloria lost her sudden sense of fear, "lady, could you give me a job and a place to sleep, and a meal?"

The Whitman door had never been closed against the wayfarer. That was an unwritten code. Although there were none too many provisions in the pantry, Gloria opened the door wider and motioned for him to enter. A slender, refined, well-dressed boy stood before her. He was evidently not of the common order of tramps. The valise which he carried was made of leather. His clothes were new, his shoes substantial and shiny.

"My name is Francis Conrad. My folks came originally from Iowa. I am thirteen and I want work. I am strong. I can learn. I don't want wages. Only a place to stay." He twirled a new felt hat nervously as he made his plea. His eyes wandered longingly to the table, where stood a pan of milk.

Gloria fed him and asked no embarrassing questions. When he had eaten she took him up to the

store room, where there was still a vacant bed.

AFTER all the tasks were finished she took up her lamp. There was still a half inch of oil. Perhaps she could look at the illustrations in that book. Perhaps she could read a little—just a very little. Surely they would not flog a true Prince of England. She held her lamp in one hand and went into the library.

When Jonas came home he promptly engaged this new boy to do all the chores. The task of enforcing employment upon Rodney was too much for his father, the boy contending that if he had to prove up on land, he should not be expected to do anything else. Jonas accepted the newcomer for what he said he was, and asked no questions. Through the vicissitudes of pioneering and rail-roading, he had come to respect the silences of men. But it was pitifully evident that this boy was not accustomed to hard labor. His hands were soft and tender. One day of pitching hay to the cattle, and his hands were blistered. Gloria knitted him a pair of mittens. His feet became frost-bitten, and he suffered with chilblains. Still, he stuck pluckily to the work.

One day in the early spring Jonas requested him to go to Lott Gascom's for cheese.

Francis was eagerly willing to serve. He took the money for the cheese, and the burlap sack in which to carry it. Yes, he knew the way. He had seen the house when he rode for a lost calf.

"That man keeps dogs. Sort of nasty ones, you know. Here, take my buckskin coat. Be careful," said Jonas.

LOTT GASCOM had waited a long while, hoping Jonas



Whitman would send his son for cheese. He chafed under the sting of losing such valuable pasture. The knowledge that Jonas had let him play a bluff until Rodney was of proper age, was galling. There was no redress; no come back. It was all lawful. Besides, he was not a citizen of the United States. But some of his ancestors had known how to knife an adversary in the back, and the shifting eyes and the unkempt hair covered a brain that watched for revenge.

Twilight came early in Cripple Creek Canyon. While the sun had not set when Francis rode away from the Whitman home, shadows were gathering as he approached the dilapidated premises of Lott Gascom. Lulu was in the house dividing her time between a lovely new book with a yellow cover and the scanty evening meal. Lott leaned against the wall in a broken chair. The sound of approaching hoofs reached his ear. Instantly he was alert. A customer was coming. The sale of another cheese would be acceptable. It meant more tobacco, more corn meal, another of those books for Lulu. Pleasure turned to exultation when Lott recognized the buckskin coat of Jonas Whitman. He let the horseman come fairly close, then whistled quickly, fiercely. The seven dogs rushed from under the house like an advancing horde; they threw themselves at the old plow horse which floundered helplessly under their attack. They leaped upward, joyously eager for the permission to give battle.

"Nice doggies! Nice doggies!" called Francis. But his voice had no weight against their cries. He reached out his hand to pat the nearest head, thinking to be friendly, and his reward was a quick, sharp bite. He screamed in fright. The horse plunged wildly, the dogs leaped higher in the joy of conflict. The largest of the pack caught Francis' foot in a terrific grip, against which the boy had no chance. He lost his hold on the bridle, the old horse gave another plunge, and the boy fell to the ground. Lott Gascom at first felt that Rodney had become womanish. Where was his whip, which had heretofore put fear into the dogs? Where was his horse, so skilled in kicking? Well, the

revenge was plenty. He called the dogs off, and sauntered up to the prostrate boy.

"Guess your dad won't jump my land again," he began and stopped open mouthed. This boy was not Rodney Whitman. This boy was white-faced—his hand bore ugly teeth marks. Blood was oozing from his foot above his shoe. Francis had fainted. Lott Gascom was frightened into silence. But he did get out his old light wagon and took the suffering boy back to the ranch. Jonas Whitman did not need to ask questions.

Francis was laid tenderly on the kitchen couch, and all flew to obey Gloria's orders. They put up a bed in the parlor, beside the wax flowers and the big piano. Aided with a lantern, Anna gathered sagebrush leaves for tea. These Gloria steeped and used rags dipped in the tea to bind the wounds. But a flush rose to Francis' face, and no fever reducing perspiration appeared. His whole body became hot and dry. In moments of spasmodic sleep he called wildly: "Nice doggie! Nice doggie!"

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JONAS sent to the city for turpentine. He knew a doctor who had used it on a man who was hurt on the railroad. Still the fever did not subside. Aunt Catherine forgot to complain. Victoria milked the cows without comment. Rodney came and hoed feverishly in the garden, cutting off weeds and potatoes alike, or stood white faced at the parlor door.

"Nice doggie!" called Francis. "I'll write to mother!"

Gloria felt she could do no more. If there was a mother somewhere for this boy, she should know of his sickness. But the boy had been reticent and evasive about his family; he had written no letters and received no mail. So Gloria went up to the store room and found his valise. There were his regular clothes. Another suit; several shirts. Plenty of store made socks. Down at the bottom of the valise, in a neat leather folder, she found what she sought. A card said simply:

"In case of accident, notify my father Judge Truman Conrad."

JUDGE CONRAD, the austere judge who came regularly to their own county seat to mete out justice! What sort of justice had he issued to his son, to send him away from home. Only forty miles away, they were wondering where their son was.

There was but one thing to do. Gloria went out to the milk cellar, and from the dirt floor she pulled up a small crock. In the bottom tinkled a few coins. Whether the children had shoes or not, this egg money was needed now. Without returning to the house for a wrap or to explain her absence, she turned into the road toward the station and the post office. It was three miles, but this was urgent. A message must go to Judge Truman Conrad, or else the boy would die.

Click, click, the portentous words went over the wire:

"Bring a doctor and a carriage and dog bite medicine to the ranch of Jonas Whitman to save your son Francis."

THE precious egg money was nearly all gone, but it made no difference.

Dawn brought no improvement. Rodney looked sick, Jonas was deathly white. The boy on the bed moaned and tossed in his fever. "Nice doggie! Nice doggie!" he called. Gloria had done her best. She had spent her last dollar; she had prayed, while Jonas thought her sleeping.

Then came a welcome sound on the small stones which formed the back dooryard. Victoria came rushing in with the news; a carriage had arrived, a beautiful black carriage with two prancing horses. There were three men, one with a bag.

"Just like the king, coming to my grandfather's estate," Aunt Catherine was all importance. Yes, there was a sick boy here; yes, he had been bitten by dogs. Yes, she had helped care for him. What lovely horses!

IT took only a few moments for the doctor to give Francis a quieting medicine; to swab the ugly wounds with a dark brown liquid which he called *iodine*. They prepared a bed in the carriage; the doctor asked short, terse questions which Gloria answered with clarity.

"Your sage tea and turpentine were all that saved him," the doctor's verdict sounded like paeans of joy to Gloria.

"I thought he had gone to California!" The frantic father was no longer the grave, austere judge. "I never dreamed he would hide out so near home. He wants to study *bugs* and *beetles* and *bees*! I want him to study law. And rather than study law, he ran away!"

When they were ready to leave, Francis was conscious enough to smile his gratitude to Gloria. Judge Conrad drew a card from his pocket, wrote on it quickly and handed it to Gloria. "If you ever need help," he said gravely, "send or bring this card to me."

"Here, Mrs. Whitman," the doctor handed Gloria the partial bottle of iodine, "if you ever have another such case, this may help you more than sage tea." His glance swept the entire room, resting on the gourds on the what-not.

"Those are certainly unique," he picked up one and examined it critically. "Don't suppose you would care to sell me one?" He

reached for the gourd with the curved handle, where the trapped monkey squirmed vainly to escape with his sugar. "I'll give you twenty-five dollars for it!" he laughed.

GLORIA thought of the empty crock in the cellar floor; of the coming winter and its needs. But there was her father's admonition: "Keep them with you always."

"They are not for sale." Her answer was almost a whisper.

They were gone. The driver guiding his team carefully, to avoid all possible jars. Aunt Catherine craned her neck to catch the last fleeting glimpse of the shiny carriage. Gloria went back into the parlor, littered with the confusion of a sick room, still smelling of the turpentine and sage. One of the wax domes had been cracked, some of the everlasting daisies had been ground into the carpet. But the twelve gourds still remained intact on the what-not.

BUT in the kitchen Rodney was groping in the empty wood box for whittling material.

Victoria was combing Aunt Catherine's hair. The empty milk buckets stood upon the table. Peter had come downstairs. He was crouched up against the wall behind the stove, whimpering for milk.

"All it needed to make it look exactly like a king's carriage, was a coat-of-arms," Aunt Catherine's voice was droningly even. "A coat-of-arms does add distinction to an estate. I should love one done in blue and gold. The Whitman family are entitled to one, too. King George, when he falconed on my grandfather's estate, gave them one. I declare Gloria, I can't see why you refused to sell that gourd to the doctor. Twenty-five dollars would have been most welcome. A new brush and comb would be most acceptable."

Gloria made no answer. She merely took up the milk buckets and set out for the barn. As she passed the cellar, she put the crock back in its hiding place and dropped forty cents, the remains from the telegram, into it. It meant the price of one little shoe for one little foot.

(To be continued)

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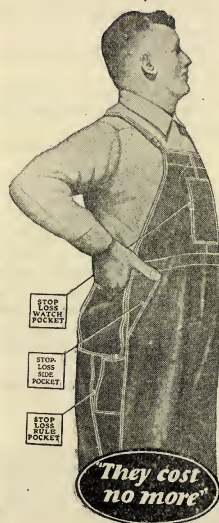


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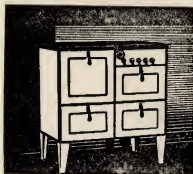
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The Unfinished Song

Continued from
page 726

foolish toys that walked stiffly on the floor or table. In the bottom of the box was a picture of Paula, but Carl's eyes saddened as he looked at it for it was not the home-loving Paula who had gone away six months before. Her smooth, honey-colored hair had been artistically waved and her smile—well, it was not the spontaneous smile which had been one of Paula's chief charms.

THE picture was carefully placed against the sugar-bowl while the men were eating. They played she was really with them and were very careful to pass her the choicest bits of food.

New Year's day passed and Valentine brought Carl a big candy heart pierced by a golden arrow, but Paula's letter dwelt upon the plans for her coming appearance and not upon Carl or her home.

The farm work was doubled with the plowing and then trebled as Carl worked to get his crops in. Almost before he knew it summer had come.

He had wondered often which season he liked best. Spring was filled with the warm winds that carried hints of growing things. Summer was glowing with richness, and autumn fulfilled spring's promises. Even winter was lovely because then the soil he loved rested after her travail, and he thought sadly of his hopes and Paula's of a fruitful married life.

PAULA had begun sending clippings from eastern papers. They were clever little items hinting at the surprise in store for music lovers. As the time drew nearer to Paula's debut they became more glowing, heralding, according to the writer, the coming of one of the greatest singers the country had produced.

Paula's excited letters were full of gowns and costumes.

Carl and John were to leave on the first of October and both looked forward eagerly to their trip. But in his heart Carl feared to go. He was afraid his visit would break the slender tie that now bound them together, their lives holding so little in common.

He couldn't live in the city. His feet were too firmly planted in the soil which he and Paula too, at one time, had loved as they loved each other. The house was full of memories and these would have to satisfy him.

HE was busy packing his bag the day before they were to leave, when he stopped at the window to watch as the last rays of the sun touched the pine trees. He thought that the darkness so soon to follow could be no deeper than that of his life without his wife.

He idly watched a car traveling swiftly up the valley. As it drew nearer he recognized John's car, and ran rapidly downstairs for only something of importance could make John travel so swiftly.

His friend jumped from the car and ran to the house waving a pale yellow sheet of paper.

Carl's heart beat with quick, paralyzing thumps. At this time a wire could only mean bad news. He couldn't see the words when the paper was thrust in his hand. He stared stupidly at it.

"She is coming home, Carl," John said quietly.

Then Carl found strength to read the words.

"Paula leaving New York today. Airmail letter follows. Don't worry."

"Stephen Howard."

ONLY John saw the agony of that wait to Carl. He cleaned the house thoroughly. He chopped wood until it filled the wood-shed to overflowing and still John saw, in his eyes, the questions that were running through his mind. The older man stayed with him, calming him with his own quiet strength.

At last the letter came, but it was to John.

"Dear John,

"You were right as you always are. I had no business interfering with the lives of two people. I hope the damage can be repaired, but I'm afraid.

"Paula was singing Tuesday—her first pretentious attempt with

a full orchestra, and it was marvelous. I thought she was perfect when I first heard her, but you should have heard her after a year and a half with Carrel. She sang as I think no one has ever sung before. Then suddenly, what started out to be a beautiful high note, changed to a harsh, cracked sob.

"Carrel, of course, was frantic. I looked at her throat and then called Dr. Sargent, the specialist. You know him by reputation. He says her trouble is more nervous than anything else. But she can't sing a note.

"Sargent says she may sing again, providing she has complete rest and quiet, in a month or a year. Or she may never sing again.

"I am writing to you instead of Carl because you can tell him in a kinder way than I can. He isn't to worry about the money, it means nothing to me.

"Paula says nothing but I am sure she is heartbroken and I blame myself severely. I promised her everything and fate refused to keep the promise.

"Paula will arrive at Pineland Friday at 2:55 p. m. I'm glad that you will be with them.

"Sincerely,

"Stephen Howard."

John handed the letter to Carl. It seemed the best thing to do.

FEW words were spoken between the two men the rest of that night. Carl's mind was a jumble of emotions. He was happy because he was to see Paula again in their own home. But Dr. Howard said that she was heartbroken, and his own heart ached for her. He doubted that she could ever be happy again in this quiet place, after the crowds and noise of a big city. And Paula had loved to sing. Could she be happy if her lovely voice had turned to dry, choking sobs?

John called for Carl at noon the next day. They were to drive to Pineland together. Carl was silent and worried.

"It can't be the same again, John."

"No, it won't be the same, but maybe you can find happiness again, Carl."

"I don't see how. Paula didn't want to go at first, but when she got over her homesickness she was

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carried away by her happiness and her ambition."

"Yes, I know, Carl, but don't worry. You can't settle anything until you've seen her."

So they rode the rest of the way in silence.

IT was a tear-stained Paula who left the train a few minutes later. She seemed her old self as she ran to Carl, but an aloofness returned as she shook hands with John, and took her seat in the car.

John would have left them at their door, but Paula insisted that he stay for dinner. She seemed afraid to let him go.

She left the two men to stir up the fire while she went upstairs to put on one of the house dresses left hanging in her closet. Carl had asked her not to put them away. He said she seemed nearer while they were hanging there.

Dinner was prepared and eaten almost in silence. John longed to relieve the tension but could think of no way. If Carl had suffered before he was suffering more intensely now. Paula was nervous and it seemed hard for her to speak.

Later they sat in the living room in darkness until Carl touched a match to the fire already laid in the fireplace.

Paula stood looking slowly around the room. She saw the windows with their blooming plants, the big chair with the bright chintz cover where Carl liked to rest after a hard day in the fields. And then she let her eyes rest upon the piano. Both men saw them film with tears, and Carl's heart ached with her pain. Then she looked at the shelf above the fire-place where Carl had placed the picture she had sent at Christmas time.

"Who put that there?"

JOHN heard the harsh, cracked note as she spoke.

She ran to the fireplace and tore the picture across. Then she faced the two surprised men. Her lips were stiff and her face was white and tense.

"I hate that picture. I'm not like that. It's the way I've tried

to be to please you. I know you are both disappointed in me because I can't become famous. That's why I've hated coming home, but I don't care any more. I was afraid of the people and the noise and most of all of Carrel. I lied in my letters so you would think I liked being what you wanted me to be. But I couldn't forget my home—and you, Carl. I just couldn't."

The hysterical note was rising higher and higher as she dropped on her knees at his feet.

"I tell you I was glad when I couldn't sing anymore."

John left the room and, sitting alone beside the warm kitchen stove, he thought that fate was a pretty good judge of promises after all.

* * * * *

SHORTLY after Paula's failure, John took a long contemplated trip abroad which consumed a full year. Upon his return the haze of late autumn covered the fields, and the mountains were glorious in their brown and scarlet dress. He decided to walk to the Polster farm, more fully to enjoy the beauty he so much loved.

At the gate he stopped in amazement. Paula was singing happily—her voice more beautiful than it had ever been before—not one of Handel's or Wagner's masterpieces, but a motherly, crooning lullaby.

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